POEMS

BY THE

AUTHOR

OF

The *VILLAGE CURATE*,

AND

ADRIANO.

At dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, sæpè ferentem
Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis. Agè, quæso;
Tu nihil in magno doctus reprêndis Homero?

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ADVERTISEMENT.

BEFORE we invite the critic to dinner, let us give him a bill of fare. If he is contented with the viands we propoſe to bring forward, let him ſit down and feed, and we aſſure him he is welcome to our table. If he is diſpleaſed with his diet, and likes not our plain but wholeſome repaſt, he muſt look farther for his meal, and here we take our leave of him, with a low bow, and, *Sir, your humble Servant.*

The Poems contained in the following Volume, the Author has been adviſed not to pub-

 liſh.

liſh. It was feared they might detract from the character he has already acquired by two former publications, *The Village Curate* and *Adriano.* But to this good advice he has been ſo raſh as not to liſten. The indulgence with which his former productions were received, (indulgence he little dreamed of, and can ſcarcely yet perſuade himſelf was juſtly due.) has determined him not to withhold even theſe.

Let not the Reader therefore expect a great degree of excellence in the volume here preſented to him. He will probably find much to pardon, and but little to commend. The firſt poem is a *ſimple*, the critic perhaps will ſay a *fooliſh* ſtory. The author will not contradict him. Panthea, the third, was a great part of it written ſome years ago. It was at firſt planned in a dramatic ſhape, for which reaſon it abounds very much in dialogue. If the reader finds it leſs

amufing than the reft, he muft be informed that the excellence here aimed at, is of a different nature from that which was the object of the former publications of this author. His principal defign in this poem, is difcrimination of character, together with fome expreffion of paffion, and, where it could be admitted, loftinefs of defcription. How far he has fucceeded in thefe points, he muft leave his reader to judge.

The two other Poems are trifling, and, like their companions, no doubt abound in faults, though their Author is not able to point them out. " A blemifh in a child's face," faid a great man to his daughter, " feemeth " often to the father beautiful." So is it with authors and their productions. Many imperfections, which to the reader are obvious, to the writer were invifible.

Such are the pieces which compoſe this volume: And yet, ſuch as they are, the author ſtill flatters himſelf they may be endured, as well as thoſe which he has already publiſhed.

ELMER

ELMER AND OPHELIA.

—— teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpè
Absterrent vitiis. HOR.



LMER AND OPHELIA.

IN the warm boſom of a tufted vale,
A little journey from a country town,
Stood Elmer's houſe, a man of worth and wealth.
Aged he was, and had an only niece,
Her name Ophelia. She an orphan was,
And her dead parents left her to the care
Of gen'rous Elmer. Well had he diſcharg'd
The guardian's office, and the friendleſs child
Lov'd as his own. He gave her all ſhe wiſh'd,
He ſent her to the ball, the play, the rout,
The concert; well content to live alone
While ſhe was happy with the gay and young.
Ophelia's friends were welcome to his roof,

Were welcome to his board. He gave her books,
He gave her mufic, and he fill'd her purfe.

But fhe was not content. Her fickly mind
Was ill at eafe, though feated on the throne
Of affluence and plenty. She could fee
Another's happinefs was thrice her own,
And fhe had little reafon to rejoice,
Cut off from fweet fociety, and loft
To all but Elmer. He was old and grave.
He little relifh'd the gay mood of youth,
And fhe as little relifh'd his. She figh'd
From morn to noon, from noon to lateft night,
From night to morn. The good man faw concern'd,
But fought the reafon of her grief in vain.
She pin'd and he was fad.

Mean-time the ball
Returning monthly drew her to the town.
A ftranger faw her, and fhe won his heart.

He

He gain'd accefs, and led her to the dance.
An officer he was, and fhe was pleas'd
To win a hero. Many a flatt'ring fpeech
He made, and footh'd her too-attentive ear.
For he had heard of Elmer's wealth and age,
And knew Ophelia was an only niece.
He too was poor. The gamefter's rattling box
And the dear pleafures of a tawdry mifs
Had left him nothing. With a foldier's care
He plan'd the conqueft of Ophelia's heart
And won it. With reluctance fhe withdrew,
To Elmer's lonely houfe, difgufted more
At folitude and him.

Next morn fhe rofe,
And feated at the board ere Elmer came
In thoughtful pofture lean'd. Her eager mind
Retrac'd the pleafures of the ev'ning ball.
She heard the voice of flattery and love,
She prefs'd the hand of her enamour'd youth.

Then of her uncle's lone abode ſhe thought,
And what was here to pleaſe ? an old gray man
Who found no pleaſure in the joys of youth,
A ſolitary walk, dry books, grave words,
While mirth and tranſport ſought the town alone.
So loſt in thought ſhe wept, till unperceiv'd
Her uncle came, and found her all in tears.
Griev'd was his heart, and at her ſide he ſat
Intreating whence the cauſe of ſo much woe.
He wiſh'd her happy, and his utmoſt pow'r
Should be exerted to content her. She
Abaſh'd and diſconcerted, not a word
Deign'd in reply. So ſilently they ſat,
And drank their morning's tea.

The clock ſtrikes ten,
The hall re-echoes with a double rap.
John enters to announce the gueſt. Who comes ?
An officer enquiring for Ophelia,
The gentleman ſhe danc'd with, and he hopes

She

She finds no inconvenience from the ball.
Ophelia's heart reviv'd. Her countenance
Was bright and cheerful as an autumn ſky,
When after a long night of gloom and rain
The fleecy clouds diſpart, and the clear ſun
Mounts to his noon rejoicing. With a ſmile
She welcom'd her gay ſpark, ſhe ſhook his hand,
And introduc'd him. Elmer was rejoic'd
To ſee the happy change his preſence wrought,
And bade him welcome. One ſhort hour he ſat
And heard Ophelia's never-ceaſing tongue
Pour out its ſoft allurement. Mute was he,
And all compliance with her ſmart remark;
Yet wanted not ſweet ſmiles and oily words
At intervals thrown in, to bind her heart
Nothing ſuſpicious in the chains of love.
His artful aim experienc'd Elmer ſaw,
Obſerv'd Ophelia by his words and ſmiles
Led captive, and withdrew to think of means
Might beſt defeat his miſchievous intent.

Then was Ophelia's tongue without reftraint;
She told him all her hardfhips and her wants.
He heard and pitied, figh'd, and from his eye
Wip'd an extorted tear. He took her hand
And whifper'd all his wifh. Her heart was loft.
With eager tranfport fhe embrac'd the terms
Of fpeedy wedlock to a man unknown.
That night fhe offer'd to elope. But he
Lov'd more her uncle's fortune than his niece,
And pray'd her to requeft the good man's leave.
She fcarce confents; and now, her lover gone,
Sits down to meditate what form of words
May beft unfold her purpofe. Elmer comes.
He needs not information whom fhe loves,
Or who loves moft fincere. In her fad eye
He reads the lover, in her words and looks.
He faw the villain too in him fhe lov'd,
And pitied her whofe undifcerning eye
Might prove the fnare of innocence and peace.
He fat befide her and began difcourfe.

He

He queſtion'd her of matters not remote
From love and him ſhe lov'd, purpos'd to learn
What ſhe would fain diſcloſe. He aſk'd how long
The brilliant ſtranger had been known at town,
And who he was, and whence. She nothing knew.
'And yet,' ſaid Elmer, 'if my eye be juſt,
'He bears no ſmall proportion of thy love.'

'Yes, ſaid Ophelia, flutter'd and abaſh'd,
'He bears no ſmall proportion of my love,
'He bears it all. This moment as he went
'He offer'd wedlock, and my heart obeyed.
'Nothing is wanting but thy free conſent
'To make us one.'

'Indeed!' ſaid Elmer, ſtruck
With terror and aſtoniſhment. 'Indeed!
'Has he ſo far deceiv'd thee? My dear girl,
'Retreat betimes, for thy incautious foot
'Stands on a dreadful precipice. One ſtep

' May plunge thee in an ocean of diſtreſs,
' And make thee wretched long as life endures.
' I know the man. I knew his father. He
' (Divulge it not for ſhame) was ſin itſelf.
' A man more wicked never trod the earth,
' Living on arts of treachery and guile,
' And ſpending affluence obtain'd by fraud
' In plotting ruin to thy thoughtleſs ſex.
' He practis'd on my ſiſter, and thy aunt,
' A worthy woman. He enſnar'd her heart.
' She left her father at the dead of night
' And fled with him. He promis'd wedlock too.
' But all his purpoſe was to draw her thence
' Where ſuccour was at hand; and his vile arts
' Were too ſucceſsful. To the north he flew
' Triumphant with his prey, and left her there
' Seduc'd and ruin'd. To her father's houſe
' She dar'd not come again for ſhame. He ſought
' But found her not, for ſhe evaded ſearch
' By change of clothing, and a borrow'd name.

' She

'She pawn'd her watch, her jewels, and her clothes.
'She beg'd from door to door, the live-long day
'Spending in hunger and the night in tears.
'Till wand'ring barefoot thro' a market town,
'In ſilent ſorrow at a rich man's door
'Claiming relief, an angry mob came round,
'Seiz'd her half-ſpent, and to the pariſh bounds
'Whip'd as a vagrant. With a breaking heart
'Feeble and faint ſhe reach'd a neighb'ring barn,
'Pour'd out a ſteady curſe (and not in vain,
'For he was hang'd for murder) upon him
'The author of her grief, fell down, and died:
'And unlamented at the pariſh coſt
'Was poorly buried. And ſhalt thou, my child,
'For ſuch I deem thee, and thy tender heart
'Knows my affection, and has ever found me
'Kind as a father——ſhalt thou wed a man
'The ſon of him who murder'd thy poor aunt?
'O no, forbid it Heaven.

' Forbid it Heaven,'
Ophelia cried, ' if in the ſon be found
' The parent's vices. But the hapleſs child
' May ſometimes merit tho' the parent ſin.
' My deareſt uncle, muſt the ſon be baſe
' Becauſe the father was? May he not rather
' Doubly deſerve by being juſt and good?
' I cannot think the man is to be ſhun'd
' If this be all his treſpaſs. In his ſoul
' I trace a thouſand virtues, and my heart
' Is his for ever.'

' Pauſe a moment, child,'
Said Elmer. ' Love is blind. Unſafe it were
' To truſt thy judgment here, not knowing aught
' Of men and manners and of him thou lov'ſt.
' Tis ev'ry man's deſire to hide his faults,
' And ſeem to have the virtues he has not.
' So he who travels, with a fine diſguiſe
' Covers his imperfections, and aſſumes

' The

' The known appearance of the man of worth.
' None but the keeneſt eye, which long has read
' The artful ways of man, can ſpy the wolf
' Thus paſſing for the lamb. I dare be bold
' To tell Ophelia that the man ſhe loves,
' Spite of his ſeeming tenderneſs and care,
' Eſteems her not. I watch'd his cool deceit
' Working in ambuſh. His alluring ſmile,
' His honey'd words, his unembarraſs'd air,
' Were all too little to diſguiſe his heart.
' And there I ſaw him, as he ſurely is,
' Black as his Father.'

' But we judge amiſs
Ophelia cried, ' if thus dear ſir, we blame
' Without exception him whoſe outward form
' Seems to betray deceit. For oft we mark
' That unambitious virtue loves to dwell
' Where none expects her. He, whoſe vicious look
' Seems to foretel an undeſerving heart,

'Is found, by near examination tried,
'Great in all goodneſs.

'Yes,' ſaid Elmer, 'hid
'Under the covert of a vicious look
'Moſt exemplary virtue ſometimes dwells—
'But oft'ner vice. And it were ſafer far
'To queſtion goodneſs where we ſee it not,
'Than think a vicious look may always hide
'Virtue and truth. But here no queſtion needs,
'The man we ſpeak of has ſhewn ample proof,
'And could my eye no treachery perceive,
'I knew enough of his ill-boding youth
'To ſhut my doors againſt him. Never, child,
'O never, never let thy heart be loſt
'To one ſo ill-deſerving.

'Yet, good ſir,
'If one ſo ill deſerving win my heart,
'And give me ſuch aſſurance of his truth,

'Such

'Such hope of reformation, as contents
'My warmeſt wiſh, 'twere ſure no ſin to wed.
'Who knows not worthleſs rakes have often prov'd
'The beſt of huſbands and the beſt of men.
'Give me the man I love. I aſk no more.
'Repentance ſhall not follow. And if grief
'Should ſpoil the pleaſures of my after years,
'Tis not thy fault but mine.

'My deareſt girl,
'Be not perverſe and raſh. Incline thine ear
'To wiſe experience. If the rake has prov'd,
'In ſome rare inſtance diligently mark'd,
'The beſt of huſbands and the beſt of men,
''Twas ſuch converſion as the oldeſt eye
'Shall hardly ſee again. 'Tis not in art
'To make the raven white, to conquer vice
'Rooted by habit, to compel the man
'To quit his old propenſities, and tread
'The path of infancy again. The plant

'Yields

Yields to the finger, but the tree once form'd
'Defies the giant's arm. Thy feeble hand,
'With all the charms of mighty love to boot,
'Shall fooner bend the everlafting oak,
'Shall fooner ftay the fiery Danube's flood,
'Shall fooner lift old Ocean from his feat,
'Than turn the villain from the ways of vice.
'I grant in Woman there is wondrous power,
'Not the fine tones of Mufic's felf have more,
'Tho' fabled to have drawn unwilling tears
'From Hell's hard-hearted monarch, to have hung
'Smiles of content upon the tortur'd brow,
'And fill'd the regions of the reftlefs damn'd
'With ravifhment and peace. But not that pow'r,
'Nor all the pow'r of man fhall there prevail
'Where God's commandment has been heard in vain.'

'With humble def'rence to your better fkill,'
Ophelia faid prefuming, 'not a vice
'Reigns in the bofom of the man I love.'

'How!

‘ How! not a vice?’ ſaid Elmer. ‘ I have ſaid
‘ I know him to be vicious. Not a rogue
‘ Dies on the gallows who ſo well deſerves
‘ Shame and diſgrace. By knavery and fraud
‘ He lives, ſucking advantage from the boy
‘ Who inexperienc’d falls into his ſnare,
‘ A ſurer victim than the captive fly
‘ To the full bloated ſpider.

‘ No, he’s good,
‘ He’s juſt and honeſt, you miſtake the man.

‘ What,’ ſaid the uncle, ‘ does thy tongue deny
‘ What I affirm unqueſtionable truth
‘ From conſtant obſervation? Hear me then.
‘ The hour that ſees thee wedded to that man
‘ Shall cut thee off from twenty thouſand pounds,
‘ This houſe, and this eſtate. I’ll ſooner die
‘ And leave them to a beggar than to thee.

 ‘ Then

'Then leave them to a beggar,' ſaid Ophelia.
'Give me my own, the little opulence
'My father left, too gen'rous to be rich,
'And give thy acres to a gipſy's brat.
'Let ſome unheard-of heir poſſeſs thy houſe,
'Thy fortune. I ſhall be content, tho' Heav'n
'Aſſign me to the cottage or the barn,
'If he I love be with me.'

'Headſtrong girl,'
Said Elmer in a rage. 'Is this the end
'Of all my kindneſs, tenderneſs and love?
'O! I repent. I heartily repent.
'I would it could be all undone. Perverſe,
'Rude, ignorant, ungrateful, thoughtleſs girl.
'Was it for this I took thee to my roof,
'Fed thee and cloth'd thee with a parent's care,
'Prevented ev'ry want and ev'ry wiſh,
'Made thee my daughter, and eſteem'd thee more-
'More than a father? baſe, O baſe return.

'This

'This moment down, and humbly on thy knees
'Crave my forgiveneſs, or thy lot is caſt
'Never again beneath this roof to ſleep
'Hence-forward and for ever.'

'Never again,'
Said inſolent Ophelia, 'do theſe eyes
'Wiſh to be clos'd beneath this hated roof.
'Pay me my fortune, and within the hour
'I leave your houſe and you.'

Old Elmer's heart
Had almoſt burſt with anger. In great wrath
He rais'd his hand, but reaſon check'd his arm
And he forbore to ſtrike. No more he ſaid,
But haſting to his deſk, with bills and draughts
Paid all her fortune to the utmoſt doit;
A little fortune, a few hundred pounds.
She joyfully receiv'd it, with a ſneer
Bade him good day, and haſted to the door.

And forth ſhe went on foot. His gen'rous heart
No longer could contain. Upon the floor
He fell, and curs'd the inauſpicious hour
That brought the thankleſs monſter to his door.
He blam'd blind Fortune, and his aged eye
Large tears of grief and indignation ſhed.
At length recover'd, to his deſk he went,
Wrote to a truſty friend, and beg'd him watch
The ſecret motions of his undone niece.

She to the town made ſpeed, and now arriv'd
Inquires the lodging of her unknown friend.
He joyfully receives her, and detains
To dinner. She unlocks her heart, and tells
How much ſhe loves him, what heroic acts
That love inſpir'd, and how the ſurly fool
Diſmiſs'd her nothing loth. She ſhews the bills,
She ſhews the draughts.

'And is this all?' he cried,
'My dear Ophelia, we ſhall ſtarve on this.

'Better

'Better return, and tell him we are one,
'And from his ftingy purfe extort a loan
'By feign'd fubmiffion. Kneel, and pray, and weep.
'And his old heart, tho' ftubborn as a rock,
'Shall bleed thee drops of gold. Leave thefe with me.'

'So much at leaft,' Ophelia faid, 'I give thee,'
And put the better half of all her wealth
Into her lover's hand. 'But to return
'And kneel, and weep, and pray, tho' drops of gold
'Fell as I fpoke, a million to a word,
'My haughty foul difdains. And prithee, Love,
'What need of more? this little is enough.
'And if we cannot live in the proud world,
'Let's to the cottage, where the public eye
'Looks not contemptuous on the artful thrift
'Of nice œconomy. There plenty, peace,
'And happinefs eternal as our love,
'Shall coft us little.'

‘ My dear girl,’ ſaid he,
‘ Conſider all thy wants. We cannot live
‘ E’en in the cottage on a ſum like this.
‘ A few ſhort years ſhall utterly conſume
‘ Our whole ſubſiſtence. To thy uncle then,
‘ And beg forgiveneſs, and intreat his leave
‘ Thyſelf, and thy fond huſband may return
‘ And at his table feed.’

‘ Urge it no more.
‘ I tell thee,’ ſaid Ophelia, ‘ I would die,
‘ Would undergo all hardſhips fleſh can feel,
‘ Would wander, beg my bread from door to door,
‘ And breathe my laſt upon a bed of ſtraw,
‘ Rather than ſeek that hated roof again.’

‘ Where wilt thou live?’ ſaid he. ‘ I cannot—no,
I will not wed thee; for my ſoul abhors
An act would ruin both thyſelf and me.’
What,’ ſaid Ophelia,

‘ Have I left my home,
‘ Forſook

' Forſook my uncle, and renounc'd his wealth,
' And all for thee? and can thy cruel heart
' Turn me adrift upon the troublous world?
' Where is that love thy double tongue profeſs'd?

' I love thee ſtill,' ſaid he, ' miſtake me not.
' I love thee more than ever man has lov'd.
' I cannot live without thee. To be there
' Where thy ſweet preſence animates the world,
' Were happineſs my fond and doting heart
' Would not exchange for Heav'n. And to be there
' Where thy ſweet preſence never ſheds a ray,
' Were to be priſon'd in a den of pain,
' Tho' it were Paradiſe. Forſake me not.
' Live with me, love me. Never let us part.
' Command my houſe, and be for ever mine,
' The lovely partner of my bed and board,
' All but—my wife.'

‘ Ungrateful wretch,’ ſhe cried,
‘ Haſt thou decoy'd me from my beſt of friends
‘ Only to tempt me? No, my ſtubborn knee
‘ Shall ſooner kneel at angry Elmer's door,
‘ Than my proud heart conſent to terms like theſe.
‘ Give me again my bills, and I depart
‘ Never to ſee thee more.’

‘ Begone,’ he cried.
‘ The bills were freely giv'n, and they are mine.
‘ But it were wiſer to reflect a while,
‘ How this ſo tender form, this ſilky hand,
‘ Theſe crimſon lips, and this vermilion cheek,
‘ So ſmooth and delicate, ſhall bear the pains
‘ Of hunger, cold, and want. How ſhall this eye
‘ That never ſlumber'd but in beds of down,
‘ Be clos'd in peace upon a mow of ſtraw,
‘ Where buſy vermin ſqueak, and the ſtarv'd owl
‘ In hungry diſappointment ſhrieks all night?
‘ How ſhall it ſleep upon the rich man's ſill,

‘ While

'While robbers, watchmen, and the drunken rake
'Plunder, insult and kill, and the great dog
'Roars at his master's door, till morning dawn?
'Or while the howling tempest scatters shards,
'And angry winter blows his frozen snow
'To ev'ry corner of the cheerless porch.
'How shall thy tender foot, us'd to be nurs'd
'In silk and cotton, on the naked flint
'Go bare, wounded and hurt at ev'ry step?
'How shall it bear the frost and chilling snow
'Upon no hearth expos'd. O think of this,
'Nor let thy tongue too rash renounce the terms
'Of ease and pleasure.'

'Artful, wicked tempter,
'Think not thy glossy words,' Ophelia cried,
'Have pow'r to win me farther. I have lost—
'What have I lost?'—She paus'd, and plenteous tears
Flow'd from her eyes—'a pious uncle's love,
'A home, a fortune. Shall I forfeit more?

 'Fool

'Fool that I was to think thy oily tongue
'Spoke the pure dictates of an honeſt heart
'Bound in ſincere affection. Ah, too late
'I ſee the villain, and lament my loſs.
'But yet (ſhe ſaid and roſe) yet will I bear
'The keeneſt ſuff'rings poverty can bring,
'Sooner than fall a victim to thy arts,
'Thou baſe deceitful plund'rer. There is hope,
'While virtue fails not, Providence may look
'Not without pity on a wretch like me.
'Some friends I have, and to thoſe friends I fly.
'To the wide world I'll publiſh thy deceit,
'And may offended juſtice wake, and thou,
'The wicked offspring of a wicked ſire,
'Die like thy father.'

At the juſt rebuke
He roſe in fury, but ſhe ſhut the door
And turn'd the key, and to the ſtreet eſcap'd.
'Twas early ev'ning, and the twinkling ſtars
Began to ſpangle the pure arch of Heav'n.

A while ſhe ſtood, to eaſe her ſwelling heart
And give a vent to grief; then forward went
Not knowing whither, and the trickling tear
Still wip'd away, that ſtill ran trickling down.
At length ſhe halted at Loquacia's door,
An ancient maiden who to Elmer's houſe
Came duly thrice a week, to tell the news.
Wealthy was ſhe, and juſt upon the brink
Of threeſcore years had won the flinty heart
Of one as ancient as herſelf, but poor,
An aged bachelor, who fed the town
With phyſic and advice, but ſtarv'd himſelf.
She ſtood a moment, wip'd her eyes, and rap'd.
Loquacia was alone and half aſleep,
But at the ſight of her dear friend Ophelia
Let looſe her reſtleſs tongue, and bade her welcome.

Ophelia could not ſpeak. She wav'd her hand,
And from the bottom of her breaking heart
Utter'd a ſigh, and wept. Her great diſtreſs

Loquacia

Loquacia ſoon perceiv'd, and from the ſhelf
Reach'd the kind cordial. To her trembling lips
She held it, and Ophelia drank. Reviv'd,
She told her ſtory, how the treach'rous man
Seduc'd her from her uncle's calm abode,
How *ſhe* ungrateful fled, her credulous ear
Poiſon'd with flattery, and how *he* ſought
Her utter ruin. With attentive ear
Loquacia drank the tale, and wip'd her eyes
For tears unus'd to flow. She ſhook her hand,
She comforted, ſhe kiſs'd her, and aſſur'd
All would be well. Herſelf would interceed,
Her uncle would forgive, and 'till he did
She ſhould be welcome to her bed and board.

So there ſhe harbour'd for one tedious month,
By rude Loquacia's tongue tormented ſore,
Yet patient to endure it. For ſhe found
Her friends were few, and if Loquacia fail'd,
Where ſhould ſhe ſhelter then?

To Elmer's houſe
Upon a future day Loquacia went,
Beg'd for his niece, ſubdued the good man's heart,
And he conſented to forgive, if ſhe
Would crave forgiveneſs humbly on her knees.
But ſhe was full of ſhame, and wanted heart,
And ſomething too the hard conditions ſcorn'd,
Not wholly humbled. At Loquacia's coſt
From day to day ſhe liv'd, ſtill putting off,
Faint-hearted and irreſolute, the taſk
Of due ſubmiſſion. To propoſe his terms
The aged bachelor oft came, but ſtill
Ophelia's beauty, and her artleſs tongue
Made him forget his purpoſe. 'Twas to her
He ſeem'd a lover, and the hour of love
Due to Loquacia, was beſtow'd on her.
Loquacia ſaw with jealouſy and rage,
Oft diſappointed, and thence led to fear
Where no fear was. She urg'd her to depart.
She fix'd the day: but ſtill her courage fail'd.

At length, provok'd at her ſo long delay,
She bade her leave the houſe.

Ophelia roſe,
Roſe at that moment, and with ſwimming eyes
Departed.

What indulgent friend ſhall next
Provide her food and lodging? For her draughts
And few remaining bills ſhe felt; but ah!
Some needy ſervant's hand had pilfer'd theſe,
And left her only thoſe. One hundred pounds
Were all her fortune now. She chang'd her draughts
For bills and money, wrapt them up, and put
The poor proviſion for a life to come
Into her boſom. With an aching heart
She travel'd ev'ry ſtreet, and ev'ry lane,
To ſeek a lodging in ſome gloomy court,
How mean ſhe car'd not, if it was but cheap.

She

She found one and engag'd it. See her now
The wretched tenant of a ſmoke-dried room
Dark as a dungeon. There the cheerful Sun
Sheds not a ray in all his annual courſe;
Nor there the moon, wont to attend her bed,
And ſhine upon her, as ſhe ſlept in peace
At Elmer's. Now her diſmal chamber needs
The taper's light at noon, obſcur'd by blinds
And windows dull with duſt. No verdant lawn
Sprinkled with tufts, and ſolitary oaks,
Delights her eye, oft rais'd, but rais'd in vain.
No lofty poplar, birch, or ancient elm
Shakes his green honors in the weſtern ſun,
Checq'ring the wainſcot with amuſive dance.
No leaf is ſeen, ſave what the batter'd crock,
And ſpoutleſs teapot yield, from ſickly flow'rs,
Starv'd myrtles, and geraniums loth to live.
It was a corner Nature had forſook,
Shut out for ever from the longing eye
By crowded buildings. And what peace within

Could

Could thy uneaſy heart, Ophelia, find,
No books, no inſtrument, no choſen friend,
No muſic, and no voice to ſing, no clock
To count the tardy hours, no maid to wait,
No pen and ink, no work-bag, and no cards.
She curs'd her folly, and a thouſand times
Reſolv'd to aſk forgiveneſs, but her heart
A thouſand times recoil'd. So there ſhe liv'd,
And often wander'd through the ſtreets alone,
Deſpis'd, and little notic'd. For ſhe found
That poverty and want were crime enough,
Though virtue ſtill remain'd.

At ſuch a time
Returning homeward with a downcaſt head,
In one hand ſilk and needles, in the other
A little volume with reluctance bought
To cheer her lonely ev'nings, Elmer's coach
Came unperceiv'd upon her, and her eye,
Full of repentance, and afloat in tears,

Met

Met his. With gen'rous pity mov'd, he call'd,
He ſtop'd his coach and beckon'd. But ſhe fled
Aſham'd to ſee him, and with haſty ſteps
Came to her lodging, enter'd it, and wept.
And oft ſhe wiſh'd to hear the ſudden rap
Announce her uncle, or his man at leaſt,
With written invitation to his roof
And welcome pardon: but no uncle came,
No man was ſent. E'en to the midnight hour
She ſat expecting by a farthing light,
Poring without attention o'er her book.
At length, deſpairing, to her bed ſhe went,
Afflicted, ſupperleſs.

Next morn a friend
Came ere the kettle boil'd, and while the roll
Stood yet untouch'd upon the blinking hearth.
He beg'd admittance. Erneſt was his name.
A friend to Elmer and to Elmer's niece.
Oft had he ſeen the melancholy maid

Paſs by his door, and with a curious eye
Mark'd her retreat. And now with good intent
He ſought her lodging, and was warm with hope,
By mild perſuaſion and intreaty won,
She yet would ſeek her uncle, and implore
Forgiveneſs not withheld. She bade him ſit
And of her little meal partake. He ſat,
He ate, and cheerfully began diſcourſe
Of friends and foes, of politics and news.
Ophelia's heart reviv'd, and for an hour
She felt the pleaſures of a mind at eaſe,
Diſburden'd of all care. At length a pauſe
Gave way to recollection, and a ſigh
Went from her heart.

' And why that ſigh, Ophelia?'
Said Erneſt, ſmiling. ' If contentleſs grief
' Preys on thy heart, thyſelf muſt bear the blame,
' For Nature made thee with a merry eye,
' And Fortune dare not be thy foe an hour.

' Think

'Think not,' Ophelia ſaid, 'think not, good ſir,
'Though Nature made me with a merry eye,
'And I have ſmil'd and been at eaſe to-day,
'That grief and ſorrow cannot reach my heart.
'My diſobedience ('twas the public talk)
'Thou know'ſt. From that unhappy hour I've liv'd
'A miſerable outcaſt. And though ſmiles
'Come ever to my cheek at ſight of thee,
'My heart is wounded, and my lonely hours
'Are full of miſery and pain. My looks
'Will bear me witneſs, for the roſe is fled.
'I ſhun my glaſs, for I ſee nothing there
'But meagre cheeks, pale lips, and melting eyes.
'And Fortune too forſakes me. I have loſt
'Moſt of the little which my father left.
'The villain who decoy'd me, at my word
'Took half and kept it. Some diſhoneſt hand
'Stole half the reſt, and of the little left
'Scarce fourſcore pounds remain. When theſe are
'gone

'What ſhall I do to live? No tradeſman now.
'Allows me credit longer than a week.
'My ſurly landlord brought a bill to-day,
'And bids me pay or quit.'

'Be not diſmay'd,'
Said Erneſt kindly, 'for beneath my roof
'Thou ſhalt not need a friend. Return with me,
'Or let me lead thee to good Elmer's houſe.
'There want ſhall never find thee. At a word
'Forgiveneſs ſhall be thine, for he eſteems
'And loves thee much, he pities and invites.
'Fly to thy uncle, no unwelcome gueſt,
'And by one dutiful and prudent act
'Set Fortune at defiance.'

'Worthy Sir,
'I feel the juſtice of thy good advice.
'I know,' ſaid ſhe, ''twere unbecoming him,
''Twere condeſcenſion not to be forgiv'n,

'To

'To viſit one undutiful like me,
'And offer pardon never ſought or aſk'd.
'I feel my folly, I lament my pride;
'I hate to think of the ungrateful words
'My tongue has utter'd to the beſt of friends.
'But how ſhall I return? How can I look
'On Elmer's face again, when but the thought
'Of my paſt diſobedience fires my cheek
'With ſhame that cannot bear the light alone.
''Twas but laſt night, returning home in tears,
'I met his coach unheeding, and beheld
'His eye, not angry, but appeas'd and kind,
'Faſt fix'd on me. He call'd me by my name,
'He ſtop'd and beckon'd; but my heart was full,
'My conſcience ſmote me, and I fled with haſte.
'The world's great Judge could not have awed me
'more.
'I drew my bonnet o'er my burning cheek,
'And my diſtracted eye oft turning back
'Dar'd not encounter his again. I fled,

'I curs'd my coward heart, and almoft fpent
'Came trembling home.'

'Then be advis'd,' he faid,
'Let us together vifit Elmer's door,
'And what thy fault'ring tongue wants pow'r to fay,
'That mine fhall utter for thee. Be advis'd.
'To-morrow be the day. In the mean time
'Come and be happy with my fon and me.'

She hefitated long, and beg'd at laft
A week for preparation.

'Take a week,'
Said Erneft, happy to prevail fo far,
'And fpend that week with us. Come, no reply
'Difcharge thy landlord. In an hour at moft
'I fhall expect thee.'

To the door he went,
And left her. She obey'd, to be fet free

From

From this her dreary manſion little loth,
And having paid her landlord, left his houſe,
And came to Erneſt's. With a gracious ſmile,
Such as the tender father gives his child,
He at his door receiv'd her. To her room
Now he conducts her, at the table's head
Now ſeats her, and proclaims her with delight
Queen of the feaſt. With cheerfulneſs and eaſe
She rules the board, and half forgets her grief.
Day roſe, and day retir'd. Night after night
Withdrew, and ere ſhe thinks of preparation
The promis'd week is gone. She begs one more,
And yet another. To protract her ſtay
Erneſt conſents, unwilling to diſmiſs
A gueſt ſo lovely. At the long delay
Young Henry too was pleas'd, with ſecret love
Towards Ophelia burning. For what youth
Can look on woman beauteous as the morn
With tearful eyes emerging from diſtreſs,
All penitence and ſorrow—and not love?

Is there a man whoſe iron heart is proof
Againſt ſuch charms? Lay not his bones by mine.
For ſhould they touch, 'twere like a ſudden ſpark
Let fall by chance among the nitrous caſks
Lodg'd in the bowels of a ſhip of war,
Which in a moment blows her to the Moon.

He lov'd, but only lov'd in ſecret. Then
When Erneſt was retir'd, and to his books,
So cuſtom'd, with the ev'ning ſun withdrew,
He ſat admiring by Ophelia, laugh'd,
And read the news, and chatted. Vex'd was ſhe
To find the lover in his words and deeds,
And pray'd him to deſiſt. The more repuls'd
The more love labours. With aſſiduous care
He watch'd her ev'ry motion, at her ſide
From morning until night. He drank her ſmiles,
With one kind look enliven'd and refreſh'd
More than old Earth, with all her vernal ſhow'rs
And Summer ſuns. He fed upon her words,

A banquet

A banquet ſweeter than the food of gods,
And not leſs muſical than Heav'n's high feaſt,
('Though all were true the dreaming poet feigns)
When he, the archer with the ſilver bow,
Smote the reſounding lyre and charm'd the ear
Of ſlumb'ring Jove.

Yet was not love ſo pure
But the fond Henry's heart would ſometimes burn
With brutal hope. Thanks to your care and pains,
Ye public tutors, who inform'd his mind,
And made him learned, but not made him good.
Of duty and of honor what knew he?
Directed never to the word of truth,
And gleaning all his notions from the world.
So in his heart he nouriſh'd baſe deſire,
And thought it not inhuman to deſign
The ruin of Ophelia. To her door
Thrice at the dead of night he ſoftly crept
Purpos'd to tempt her, but the door was lock'd.

Not in deſpair he drew her maid aſide,
And gave her gold, and promis'd to give more
Would ſhe his purpoſe favor, and forget
To lock Ophelia's door, or leave the key,
Or bring it to his chamber. She agreed,
But told Ophelia of his baſe intent.
Perplex'd was ſhe, and her diſtracted mind
Labour'd till ev'ning to invent a plan
Of ſure eſcape. She knew her maid not falſe,
For ſhe had heard him at her chamber door
Thrice ſtruggling for admittance. Shall ſhe go
And tell the gen'rous Erneſt that his ſon
Plots her deſtruction? Shall ſhe wound the heart
Of honeſt Friendſhip with a tale ſo black?
No; ſhe reſolves to quit his roof by ſtealth,
And dare the fang of poverty again.

So when the time of reſt was come, and night
Muffled in gloomy clouds, without her moon,
Drew to her darkeſt hour; while the hall lamp

Yet in the ſocket blink'd, and yet was heard
The ſound of noiſy ſervants gone to bed,
She left her room, and ſilently unbar'd,
Unbolted, and unlock'd the outer door,
Lifted the latch, went out, and drew it to,
And fled. Happy ſhe was, for her good heart
Approv'd the virtuous deed, and to itſelf
Teem'd with congratulation.

But where now
Shall houſeleſs Virtue find a waking friend?
Where ſhall her ſleepy eye be clos'd in peace?
Who will regard her ſighs, and ſtrew the couch
Of kind indulgence for her weary limbs?
Silent and cold ſhe travel'd ev'ry ſtreet,
But ſaw no friendly light and heard no voice
Save at the public inn. And there a ring
Of clam'rous bacchanals, involv'd in ſmoke,
Sat roaring o'er their cups. Each in his turn
Bray'd uncouth ſong, half drunk and half aſleep.

Then

Then loud applaufe enfued, encores and claps,
Bravos and hearty laughs. The heavy fift
Fell on the table, and with fudden bounce
Thunder'd the tranfport of the clownifh heart,
Till pipes and glaffes danc'd upon the board.
She heard and trembled, half inclin'd to fly,
Nor feek the bar alone to afk a bed.
She paus'd, fhe gather'd courage, and at length
Went to the door.

But what was thy diftrefs?
What was thy grief, thy terror, and thy pain,
Haplefs Ophelia, when thy fearching hand
Found not the purfe, when recollection told
'Twas left at Erneft's in a private drawer.
She ftood amaz'd, by twenty thoufand fears
At once affaulted. She withdrew and wept.
She meafur'd back her fteps to Erneft's door,
Approach'd with caution, try'd it, found it faft.
In exquifite defpair fhe fat awhile

Half-

Half-periſh'd on his threſhold. She aroſe,
In doubt to live or die. To a ſmall brook,
Silent and deep, ſhe ſped with raſh intent,
But juſt upon the brink ſtopt ſhort and thought.
She ſaw beyond the grave eternal life
Fill'd with no good for her, if raſhly thus
She ran a baſe deſerter from her poſt,
And ruſh'd into the land of eaſe and reſt
Uncall'd and uninvited. On her woes
She once again look'd back, and found them woes
Deſerv'd by indiſcretion; woes ſevere,
Yet woes to be averted by one act,
One little eaſy and becoming act
Of dutiful ſubmiſſion. Her vex'd heart
Recoil'd with horror at the wicked thought
Of ſelf-deſtruction. To the king of Heav'n
She rais'd her hands and eyes, and wept for ſhame.
Soon as the morning dawns her purpoſe is
Home to return, and humbly to intreat
Elmer's forgiveneſs. So with mind compos'd
She walk'd and ſigh'd, and wiſh'd the night away
Along the meadow path.

At

At length a breeze
Blew from the eaſt, and rent the ſable clouds
That all night long had veil'd the ſtarry Heav'ns.
From many a cheerful loophole thro' the gloom
Peeps the clear azure with its living gems.
Faſt flies the ſcud, and now the glowing dawn
Stands unobſcur'd upon the mountain's top,
Her lovely forehead with a waning moon
And her own brilliant day-ſtar grac'd. The clouds,
Still floating overhead, touch'd by the beam
Of the ſlow ſun emerging from the deep
(But to Ophelia's eye not yet reveal'd)
Are fleeces dipt in ſilver, dappled pearl,
And feathers ſmoother than the cygnet's down;
Here red and fiery as the ferret's eye,
Here dun and wavy as the turtle's breaſt.
The fainting ſtars withdraw, the moon grows pale,
And the clear planet, meſſenger of light,
Hides in the ſplendor of returning day.
The mountains are on fire. The foreſt burns

With

With glory not to be beheld. The Heav'ns
Are ſtreak'd with rays from the relumin'd eaſt,
As from the center of a flaming wheel,
Shot round. The ſun appears. The jovial hills
Rejoice and ſing, the cheerful valleys laugh.
All nature utters from her thankful heart
Audible gratitude. The voice of man
Returning to his labor fills the land.
The Shepherd whiſtles and the cow-boy ſings.
The team with clinking harneſs ſeeks the field.
The plough begins to move. The tinkling flock
Streams from the fold and ſpots the dewy down.
The mounting bell upon his axle ſwings
And fills the country with his cheerful note.
Wak'd at the ſound, the daw has taken wing
And ſkims about the ſteeple. Lo! the ſmoke
Aſcending from a thouſand chimney tops
And by its upright courſe preſaging calm.
Hark! how the ſawyer labours with his ſaw,
The joiner with his hammer and his plane.

The

The farmer's wife comes jogging to the town,
Timing her ditty to old Dobbin's foot.
The railing fiſh-dame follows with her panniers.
The chimney-ſweeper bawls. The milk-maid cries.
The black-ſmith beats his anvil, and the dray,
Stage-coach and waggon lumber thro' the ſtreets.

Then to the town once more Ophelia turn'd,
And briſkly ſtepping thro' the buſy ſtreet,
Went on to Elmer's. Thrice ſhe halted, thrice
Her heart miſgave her, thrice ſhe firmly vow'd
Not to retreat. To Elmer's gate ſhe comes,
Throbbing with hurry, and her trembling hand
Scarce dares to lift the latch. She hears a noiſe,
And like the tim'rous hare with ear erect
Stands liſt'ning, and ſurveys the country round.
'Twas nothing but the woodman at his work.
So on ſhe went, at ev'ry perching bird
Surpris'd, and ſtartled at the falling leaf.
In a bye-way ſhe walks that thro' a wood

Leads

Leads to the houſe, and now beholds a ſeat
In former days belov'd and often ſought,
On ev'ry ſide from the cold wind ſecur'd
But open to the ſouth. To it ſhe ſpeeds,
But ere ſhe enters, liſtens and looks round.
Nothing was heard. So fainting with fatigue
Here ſhe reſolves to reſt. Once more ſhe ſtops,
And looking round, ſteps in and takes her ſeat.

Cloſe at her ſide ſat Elmer with his book.
She ſaw. Her heart rebounded with ſurpriſe.
She ſhriek'd, ſhe ſunk, and fell upon her knees
Pale as a corpſe. The good old man beheld
With glad aſtoniſhment, forgave her all,
Cheer'd and ſupported her, bade her revive,
And with her flowing tears mix'd his. 'Come, come,
'All ſhall be well,' he ſaid. 'Bewail no more.
'Elmer forgives.' She fell upon his neck,
Lovely contrition! and he wip'd her eyes,
Chaf'd her pale hand, and warm'd her cheek with his.

She

She promis'd never to offend again.
He hufh'd her forrow and would hear no more.

Ye proud tranfgreffors, who expunge no crime
By juft acknowledgment and honeft tears,
Ye ftubborn hearts, where malice ever reigns
A ftranger to forgivenefs, look on thefe,
And fee how noble 'tis to own a fault,
How generous and godlike to forgive it.

Together long they fat, and he was kind
And fhe was thankful. From her downcaft eye
Sorrow ftill fell, and on her burning cheek
Glow'd the fine crimfon of ingenuous fhame.
He bade her be compos'd. He footh'd her heart
Lab'ring with fighs. He took his book and read.
It was a fable. 'Ay,' faid he, 'moft juft.
'This Poet much delights me. Hear, my child.
''Tis a fhort ftory of an aged oak
'And a prefumptuous brier. I'll not read,

'But

'But tell it, left thy ear unus'd, deſpiſe
'And little reliſh the rude Poet's ſtyle.

† There grew upon a Kentiſh green
What once a ſtately Oak had been.
His arm was large and wide diſplay'd,
And oft the ſhepherd ſought his ſhade,
And here his panting flock would reſt
By ſummer's burning heat oppreſt.
High was his head and vaſt his ſhield,
He ſtood the ſov'reign of the field.
But ſoon were paſt his better days,
And now his aged arm decays.
The burning lightning ſtrikes his head,
The glories of his brow are dead.
His branch is bare and waſte with worms,
His trunk conſum'd and beat by ſtorms.

† Spenſer's Calendar, February.

Hard by a haughty Brier grew
(In youth and beauty much like you)
And ſhelter'd by the faithful tree
Was vigorous as plant could be.
Returning ſummer clothes her now,
And fragrant bloſſoms deck her bough.
The nightingale her leaves among
Warbles her ſweet nocturnal ſong.
And ever to her branch ſo fair
The laſſes of the vale repair,
And ſhe her bloſſoms freely ſhow'rs,
And fills their boſoms with her flow'rs.

So ſought, ſhe grew exceeding proud,
And oft was heard to vaunt aloud,
And once upon a time was bold
To ſcorn the Oak for being old.
' Why ſtand'ſt thou here, thou ſurly block,
' Nor fruit nor ſhadow yields thy ſtock.

' Behold

‘ Behold how my gay flow’rs are ſpread
‘ In lily white and crimſon red.
‘ Behold my leaves ſo freſh and green,
‘ My verdure fit to clothe a queen.
‘ Thy waſted branch takes needleſs room,
‘ And ſpoils the beauty of my bloom.
‘ The mouldy moſs which thee deſtroys
‘ My ſmell of cinnamon alloys.
‘ Be gone, nor dare to make defence,
‘ On pain of my diſpleaſure, hence.’

So ſpake the Brier, proud and vain.
The Oak look’d down with great diſdain,
And ſcorn’d to anſwer ſuch a weed,
Once humble, but now proud indeed.
He griev’d to think his friendly arm
Had ſhelter’d her and kept her warm,
Had ſcreen’d her from the ſtorm ſo rude,
And yet ſhe had no gratitude.

It chanc'd upon a future day
The Huſbandman came down that way,
Accuſtom'd yearly to walk round
And view the trees upon his ground.
Him ſoon the ſpiteful Brier ſpied,
And thus in haſte complaining cried :
' O thou, the author of my life,
' Be pleas'd to put an end to ſtrife.
' On thy protection I rely,
' O grant me ſuccour ere I die.'

Mov'd at the Brier's piteous plea,
The good man reſted on the lea,
And bade her in her plaint proceed ;
When thus began the haughty weed.

' Was I not planted by thy hand
' To be the primroſe of the land ?
' In ſpring to ſhine in flow'ry ſuit,
' In autumn yield thee ſcarlet fruit ?

'How comes it then this ſurly Oak,
'So wounded by the thunder's ſtroke,
'Whoſe ancient trunk invites the fire,
'Dares to ſuch tyranny aſpire?
'Forbidding me to charm thy ſight,
'And hiding from me day's ſweet light.
'His heavy branches beat me ſore,
'I weep, he vexes me the more.
'And oft his greedy worms alight
'And gnaw my tender buds in ſpite,
'Forbidding my ſweet flow'rs to blow,
'To make a chaplet for thy brow.
'And oft his bitter leaves are ſhed
'Diſgracing my fair flowery head.
'O deign my ſuff'rings to aſſuage,
'And rid me from the tyrant's rage.'

She ſaid. The Huſbandman deceiv'd,
Was at her hardſhips ſorely griev'd,

And home to fetch his hatchet went,
Resolv'd to give the plant content.
He comes, and with repeated stroke
Cuts down at last the aged Oak.
And low he lies bewail'd of none,
While the proud Brier stands alone.

But now with storm severe and keen
Imperious Winter sweeps the green,
And breaks the Brier's tender shoots,
And spoils her branch and tears her roots.
The watery wet weighs down her head,
The north-wind almost nips her dead,
Scarce able now to stand upright,
The falling snow subdues her quite.

Her folly then she 'gan bemoan,
And griev'd to think the Oak was gone.
But then it was too late to weep,
Her branch was nibbled by the sheep;

Wounded

Wounded and hurt ſhe cannot riſe,
The cattle browſe her as ſhe lies,
And trample on her till ſhe dies.

Ophelia felt the Fable, and again
Shed free contrition. Elmer took her hand,
Kiſs'd her and roſe. Together then they went,
And much was he rejoic'd to hold again
The jewel he had loſt. He led her home,
Bade all his houſe be glad, reſtor'd her all,
And ſhe was happy as her heart could wiſh.
With tears ſhe welcom'd her forſaken room,
Her joyful ſervant, her delighted dog,
Her bird, her work, her inſtrument, her books.
She feels the value of a friend at home,
She inwardly reſolves to love him well,
And ſhun the friendſhip of the world for ever.
Then to her heart ſweet peace again return'd,
And grief forſook her. Not a trace remain'd
Of all her miſery, ſave now and then,

As ſhe reclin'd upon the ſofa's arm,
A hearty ſigh, and now and then a tear
Wip'd ſilently away from her clos'd eye.
Fatigue ſubdued her. On her arm ſhe lean'd.
Soft ſlumber ſeal'd her lips, and with a look
Where ſadneſs mingled with returning joy,
And like the morning had a dewy ſmile,
She fell aſleep. Now, Painter, fetch the bruſh.
Give me a faithful copy of that face,
And call it *Penitence*. The perſon too,
The attitude, the unaffected grace,
That hand and kerchief, thoſe neglected treſſes,
And all that ſweet derangement, paint them well,
Not daring the addition of a hair.
I will not think there is a ſoul on earth
Could look on ſuch a picture and be calm.
All ſhall commend it, for I tell thee, friend,
The eyes that are now fix'd upon that maid
Are more in number than the ſtars of Heav'n.

Angels,

Angels, Archangels, yea, the King of Kings,
They all behold her, and they all applaud.

This tale for you, ye ever-reſtleſs fair,
A zealous Poet wrote. Of Woman much
He dreams, much ſpeaks. He loves you paſſing well,
And would direct you in the wholeſome paths
Shall make you lovely; ſhall improve the charms
Which nature gives you here, and when they fade
Shall make you worthy of a place in Heav'n.

Come then and learn, thou lovely friend of Man,
Main-ſpring of all his actions good and bad,
Learn all thy duty in one word, *obey*.

Ye infant belles in the high bloom of youth,
Impatient of reſtraint, be ſubject ſtill,
And dread the moment when a forward tongue
Shall prompt you to renounce the good advice
Of thoſe who lead you. To the lover's voice

Liſten with caution. Try him for an age.
Look with a piercing eye thro' all his ways
At home, abroad. The heart ſincerely yours
Shall dare the ordeal. But the man who flies
And flinches from the trial, loves you not.
Fear not that Virtue ſhall neglected live,
Neglected die, if woman's heart be cold
And cautious to engage. Wait for the man
Who merits much, and if none ſuch appear
(For 'tis a world that ſcarce deſerves your love)
Then live unwedded and unwedded die.
Scorn the contemptuous ſneer of little minds,
Of wives who feel the yoke, and forward maids,
And dare be happy tho' ye live alone.
Regard the cautions of the friend at home,
For as pure gold ſurpaſſes tinſel, ſo
The friend at home exceeds the friend abroad.
Be dutiful, and ever as the plague
Shun diſcontent, the cruel foe of beauty.
She o'er the features of uneaſy youth

Rides a confuming fire. Be all the charms
Of Eden fpread before her, look behind
And nothing fhall be feen but difmal wafte.
Sweet Patience, daughter of the morning, feek.
Call, and fhe comes, and with her rofy Health,
Twin fifters, arm in arm. Be thefe, ye fair,
Your conftant handmaids, ye fhall need no grace.
They fhall adorn you with unfading charms,
Among the lilies of the forehead plant
Compofure fweeter than the fmile of May,
And lafting as exiftence. They fhall bring
Bloom to the cheek and cryftal to the eye,
Mirth to the heart and mufic to the tongue.

THE

HUE AND CRY.

THE

HUE AND CRY.

OYEZ, my good people draw near,
My ſtory ſurpaſſes belief,
Yet deign for a moment to hear,
And aſſiſt me to catch a ſtray thief.

Have you chanc'd a fair damſel to meet,
Adorn'd like an angel of light,
In a robe that flow'd down to her feet,
No ſnow on the mountain ſo white.

Silver flowers beſpangled her ſhoe,
Amber locks on her ſhoulders were ſpread,
Her waiſt had a girdle of blue,
And a beaver plum'd hat had her head.

Her ſteps an impreſſion ſcarce leave,
  She bounds o'er the meadow ſo ſoon;
Her ſmile is like Autumn's clear eve,
  And her look as ſerene as his moon.

She ſeems to have nothing to blame,
  Deceitleſs and meek as the dove;
But there lives not a thief of ſuch fame,
  She has pilfer'd below and above.

Her cheek has the bluſhes of day,
  Her neck has undone the ſwan's wing,
Her breath has the odors of May,
  And her eye has the dews of the ſpring.

She has rob'd of its crimſon the roſe,
  She has dar'd the carnation to ſtrip,
The bee who has plunder'd them knows,
  And would fain fill his hive at her lip.

She

She has ſtol'n for her forehead ſo even
All beauty by ſea and by land,
She has all the fine azure of Heaven
In the veins of her temple and hand.

Yes, yes, ſhe has ranſack'd above,
She has beggar'd both nature and art,
She has got all we honour and love,
And from me ſhe has pilfer'd my heart.

Bring her home, honeſt friends, bring her home,
And ſet her down ſafe at my door,
Let her once my companion become,
And I ſwear ſhe ſhall wander no more.

Bring her home, and I'll give a reward
Whoſe value can never be told,
More precious than all you regard,
More in worth than a houſe-full of gold.

A reward ſuch as none but a dunce,
   Such as none but a madman would miſs,
O yes, I will give you for once
   From the charmer you bring me, a kiſs.

PANTHEA.

P A N T H E A.

P O E M.

Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum. HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE story of the following Poem is taken from the Cyropædia of Xenophon, a work "whose natural and un-" "affected beauties (to use the words of Mr. Rollin) *"are sufficient to justify the singular esteem, which "persons of good taste have ever had for the noble simplicity "of its Author." It is not however closely copied from the Greek. The Poet has borrowed as much as he thought for his purpose and rejected the rest. Where History failed him he has had recourse to invention, and has sometimes substituted imaginary occurrences in the room of real. This he trusts will not be looked upon by the candid reader, as a very heinous misdemeanour. He challenges a privilege, which even Aristotle allows him, of telling his story in his own way, without regard to truth and the Historian. Such as wish not to be transported into the regions of poetical illusion, may employ themselves more profitably, and perhaps more to their entertainment, by consulting the original.*

PANTHEA.

TO arms, to arms, my buckler and my ſpear;
My ſteeds, my chariot. To the bloody field
I follow fair Panthea, hapleſs Queen,
Young, beautiful and wiſe, who left a court
And ſpurn'd a life of ſolitary eaſe,
Preferring love and war. To Suſa's King,
Brave Abradátes, ſhe had giv'n her hand,
And ſworn eternal truth. He by a Prince,
Whoſe tyrant frown gave law to Babylon,
And ſhook with terror many a ſubject throne,
Was ſummon'd to collect his little force,
And with the numberleſs Aſſyrian hoſt

Spread desolation o'er the trembling realm
Of Cyaxáres. For the Median king,
Wonderful arrogance! some winters past,
Had dar'd oppose him as he led the chace,
And chanc'd to trespass on his kingdom's verge.
Young Cyrus too, his nephew, had presum'd
To dip his arrow in Assyrian blood.
So to the fight he led his num'rous host,
Thirsty for vengeance. On a boundless plain
He met his foe advancing, Cyrus first,
Then Cyaxáres, and Tigranes last,
A triple host of Persians, Medes, Armenians.
Sharp was the conflict, and the Monarch fell.
A second day so bloody who could wait?
So when the sun withdrew and night approach'd,
And welcome darkness their retreat conceal'd,
They fled inglorious, fled, but fled in vain,
For ere the morrow's peaceful sun went down,
Cyrus pursued, and guided by a light

Held

* Held by some angel to direct his march,
His flying foe o'ertook. Then rout ensued,
Terror and death, captivity and grief.
Then was Panthea lost. The loveliest fair
The populous East could boast, became the prey
Of Persia's active Prince; not so obtain'd
Had Abradátes been her only guard.
But he was absent, by the haughty king
Sent ere the day of battle to invite
The Bactrian Monarch to support his arms.
So was his treasure lost, and doubly watch'd
Is borne in triumph to the brazen gates
Of mighty Babylon. Now she returns

*. This circumstance, of a preternatural light shining over the army of Cyrus in the night, affords a beautiful instance of the truth of prophecy. When Xenophon informs us it was so remarkable, as to fill them all with awe and reverence towards the Gods and confidence of success in their enterprize, we can no longer doubt but the God of Israel was really with the Prince, *and held his right hand to subdue nations before him.* The Historian himself, when he considers the events which happened at this time to encourage him to proceed, cannot help acknowledging that matters seemed to be conducted in his favor (θείως πως) by divine interference.

To weep and pine upon the utmoſt bounds
Of joyous Media. There the Perſian Prince
Commands his army to repoſe a while,
And to the court of Cyaxares ſends
A ſpeedy meſſenger. For he was wroth
Left by the eager Prince, what time he roſe
To chace the routed foe, elate with joy
And drunk with wine. So when the morning ſhone,
And he aroſe to lead his army home,
He found a barren field, his forces gone,
And none to tell him of their deſtin'd rout.
He ſcowl'd indignant o'er the deſert plain,
Sent couriers to upbraid the daring Prince,
Bade his departed Medes that hour retire,
And red with anger to his court return'd.
The Prince, deſirous to appeaſe his wrath,
Waits on the Median frontier, and prepares
A noble portion of the public ſpoil
To ſooth his rage.

Meantime

Meantime the captive Queen,
Adjudg'd to Cyrus as his proper prey,
Laments and fears. He, of the pris'ner's eaſe
More ſtudious than his own, appoints a youth
Araſpes nam'd, to give her of the beſt,
And make her priſon joyous. Well he knew
Not to be merciful but ill becomes
The man who follows fortune, and expects
To meet with mercy in the time of need.

' Araſpes', ſaid the Prince, ' repeated proofs
' Oblige me to conclude the total world
' Cannot produce a friend more true than thee.
' Thou waſt my chief companion when a child,
' We were as brothers in our boyiſh days,
' And with our years the ſeeds of friendſhip grew.
' We were in wiſhes and purſuits alike,
' Inſeparable ſtill when the loud chace
' Call'd us abroad, and the grey morning ſtood
' On the bleak mountain's top. We ſtill are friends.

' One

'One ſoul informs us, and one heart directs.
'To thee then I commit the captive Queen.
'Treat her with tenderneſs, with ready eye
'Detect her wants, deny her nothing; quick
'To do her pleaſure and prevent her wiſh,
'And ever jealous to preſerve with care
'The treaſure of thy friend.'

'Moſt worthy Prince,'
Replied the youth, 'my heart with joy o'erflows
'To find the pleaſures of our infant days
'Are yet remember'd. To Araſpes' mind
'Our morning's chace, our noon and ev'ning ſports,
'And all the gay amuſements of our youth,
'Return as duly as the day begins,
'As duly as it ends. I burn to think
'How Cyrus lov'd me once, and with what grief
'And mutual tenderneſs we parted then,
'When he to Perſia and her court return'd,
'And I to deſert Media. Still I feel

'Lively remembrance of that painful hour
'When all the widow's ſorrow fill'd my eyes;
'When for the ſmile of my departed friend
'In all our cuſtom'd walks I look'd in vain,
'And found no ſolace but the robe I wear,
'The laſt kind preſent of his gen'rous hand.
'My love was honeſt, and the ſweet regard
'Thy looks have ſhewn me ſince we met again
'Aſſure me ſuch was thine. This lateſt deed
'Confirms my happineſs. I cannot doubt
'But Cyrus loves me ſtill. The captive Queen,
'The treaſure of my friend, I'll duly watch,
'Guard and preſerve her as a gem unpriz'd,
'And ſtudy her contentment as my own.'

'So ſhall thy love to Cyrus,' ſaid the Prince,
'Be well expreſs'd, and to reward thy care
'Cyrus ſhall love thee as his friend for ever.
'Remember then the purport of thy words,

'Guard and preſerve her as a gem unpriz'd,
'And ſtudy her contentment as thy own.

'But let me aſk thee,' ſaid the gen'rous youth,
'Haſt thou beheld the captive? No. Thy eye
'Is too intent upon the ſchemes of war
'To look aſide at beauty. I have ſeen her,
'And ſurely nothing ever breath'd ſo fair,
'Nothing ſo lovely. When her fate was known
'I went with many others to her tent.
'Soon as we came, we ſaw upon the ground
'A group of females ſeated in diſguiſe.
'But one there was encircled by the reſt
'Who ſeem'd by nature of more lovely mould
'Than her fair fellows. She was veil'd indeed,
'And hung her head, and look'd upon the ground,
'But ev'ry motion dignity betray'd,
'Spite of concealment. As we ſpoke they roſe.
'Blind were the eye that could not then have ſeen
'Which was the Queen. Tho' all about her ſhone,

'And

'And ev'ry individual form excell'd,
'Yet was ſhe nobleſt, and as far ſurpaſs'd
'Their feeble merit, as the morning ſtar
'Outſhines the train of night. Such was the Queen
'Eclips'd in humble habit, ſilent, veil'd.
'She ſtood awhile regardleſs of our words,
'And precious ſorrow ran in ſilver chace
'Down to her feet. We bade her be reſign'd.
''Twas the hard fate of war. But when we came
'To ſpeak of love, humanity, and thee,
'She rent her clothes, and rais'd her hands to Heav'n,
'And pour'd ſuch tender lamentation forth
'Had wrung compaſſion from a marble heart.
'In the warm tranſports of exceſſive grief
'A ſudden effort put her veil aſide,
'And, ere ſhe could replace it, I beheld
'More than my tongue can utter in an age.
'Eyes of celeſtial azure full of tears,
'Whoſe drooping lids were over-arch'd with brows
'Commanding love and honor; cheeks that bloom'd

'All roſes and carnations, neck of ſnow,
'And lips——But thou ſhalt ſee her, Cyrus.

'No,'
Exclaim'd the Prince, 'let me avoid her charms.
'The ſoldier's duty is to think of war,
'To plan the ſubtle enterprize, purſue,
'Fight, rout, and circumvent the flying [illegible],
'To tread upon his heel by night and day,
'And ſcale his fortreſs when he little thinks.
'The hour not ſpent in action is an hour
'Full of diſgrace and ſhame. I grieve to think
'My uncle's anger has withheld my march,
'And ſtill confines me to this little ſpot.
'Had he been patient, and content to reſt
'While I purſued with our united force
'The powerful foe, ere this I would have fought
'A thouſand battles, would have won the crown
'And everlaſting Babylon itſelf,
'And flung her gates all open to receive

'The

'The friends of Cyaxares. No, Arafpes,
'I cannot look on Woman yet. I know
'One look invites another. Who looks once
'Muft look again, and he will look and look
'Till he can find no moment in the day
'Which muft not have its look.

'What,' faid the youth,
'Has beauty fo much power? Muft the Prince
'Tamely fubmit and crouch beneath her force?
'Can fhe relax the ftedfaft Perfian's arm,
'And make a traitor of a foldier's honor?
'Is not the glory of the battle won,
'Of millions routed and a world fubdued,
'Enough to roufe him from her flender chains,
'And make him laugh at bonds? Truft me, my Prince,
'Love rules not fo. Achilles had his maid,
'And Agamemnon his, yet Troy was won.

'True,'

' True,' ſaid the Prince, ' the citadel was won,
' But ten long years were waſted in the ſiege.
' And whence the great delay? Was it not love,
' Unconquerable love? 'Twas beauty wove
' The golden chain that bound Achilles' arm.
' 'Twas beauty caus'd the Monarch to be baſe,
' And made him ſleep upon the Phrygian ſhore
' 'Till Troy decay'd with age. An acting king,
' And not a ſlave to love, might thrice have won
' A ſtate ſo feeble in a ſummer's night.
' But tyrant beauty rules the God of war,
' And makes him kneel for conqueſt. I have ſeen
' The hardy dauntleſs hero, who defied
' The winter's arrowy congealing breath,
' And all night long in his cold armor ſlept,
' Regardleſs of the angry pelting ſtorm—
' That man, Araſpes, have I ſeen ſo cringe
' Under love's yoke, ſo fawn and hug his chains,
' I could have ſworn he had been born a ſlave,
' And never lov'd the deeds of ſoldierſhip.'

' But

‘ But ſurely,’ ſaid the youth, ‘ the man ſo baſe
‘ Had but the hero’s ſemblance. To eſcape
‘ From love and beauty, when the ſound of war
‘ Roars in the valley, and the rapid car
‘ Of ſhouting victory beſmear’d with blood,
‘ With panting courſers and impetuous wheels,
‘ Rolls in a ſea of thunder on the foe,
‘ Were eaſy as to ſnap the ſlender threads
‘ Wove by the ſpider to enthral the fly.’

‘ Believe me,’ ſaid the Prince, ‘ there is a time
‘ When the moſt ardent ſpirit yields to love
‘ And is the ſlave of beauty. ’Tis a law
‘ Of Nature, and her abſolute command
‘ Is not to be reſiſted. We may fight
‘ And deem ourſelves invincible to-day,
‘ Brac’d by long toil and ſtrict continuance
‘ Of hardy uſage. Yet we are but men,
‘ To the ſame failures prone. The hour may come
‘ When thou and I by powerful beauty won,

'No longer love the glories of the field,
'But ſeek enjoyment in the ſhades of eaſe.
'Look to thyſelf, and let Panthea's charms
'Play on thy eyelids like the Winter moon
'Upon th' unfeeling rock. Let other eyes
'Behold with tranſport; to the beam of love
'Be thy firm heart all adamant and ice.'

'O fear it not,' replied the youth ſecure,
'Though beauty brighter than the Sun at noon
'Pour all its power on Araſpes' head,
'He ſhall be ſtedfaſt as th' unfeeling rock,
'Strong as the mountain, which outbraves alike
'The frown of anger and the ſmile of love.'

So ſaying he withdrew, charg'd to relieve
And watch his pris'ner with a cautious eye.
For now the meſſenger erewhile diſpatch'd
Spurs to the tent of Cyrus, and informs
That Cyaxares with a troop of friends

Comes

Comes to expoſtulate. The Prince in haſte
Sounds to the field, and leads the Perſian horſe
With the whole army of offending Medes
To meet the angry monarch on his way.

The king approaches, and the army halts.
Cyrus advances on his milk-white ſteed
Haughtily prancing. Cyaxares comes
The pace of diſcontent. Each quits his horſe
And to the midmoſt plain reſolv'd and firm
Marches in ſilence. Cyaxares' brow
Was dark and gloomy. Diſappointment there,
Rage, Jealouſy, and Anguiſh, ſcowling ſat.
On Cyrus' forehead ſweet Compoſure ſmil'd
And conſcious virtue. To the frowning king
He ſtretch'd his hand in peace. He turn'd away
Obdurate, ſullen, and in ſpite of pride
Wept in his army's ſight. The prince was mov'd,
And wav'd his hand, the ſignal to retire.
That inſtant all withdrew. 'And come,' he cried,

 'Now

‘ Now let us argue of the mighty wrong
‘ Cyrus has offer’d to the Median king.
‘ Under thofe waving palms we may have fhade,
‘ And hide our actions from the public eye.
‘ Now let us hear what unbecoming act
‘ Makes Cyaxares fcorn his fifter’s fon
‘ With brows of fo much anger.’

‘ ’Tis the wrong,
‘ The grievous and intolerable wrong,’
Exclaim’d the monarch with indignant frown,
‘ The daring boy has done me. I was born
‘ Lord of the kingdom on whofe bounds I ftand,
‘ Yet have I liv’d to be depriv’d of pow’r,
‘ Of dignity and honour, ftrip’d of all,
‘ And by an enemy I little thought,
‘ By thee, my nephew. Not a prince that breathes
‘ Comes to the field to welcome his ally
‘ Poorly attended as I came to thee.
‘ And where are all my forces? led away,

‘ Decoy’d,

'Decoy'd, by bribes and promifes allur'd,
'Taught to defert me by my fifter's fon,
'By thee, my nephew. Are they not withdrawn
'Obedient to thy fignals, but to me
'Rebellious and difdainful? Not a man
'But look'd with fcorn upon his injur'd prince,
'When he beheld me with my twenty friends
'Advance fo meanly, fo unlike a king.
'O! it was bafe, infufferably bafe.
'I could have died with pleafure, to have loft
'The painful fight of this unwelcome hour,
'When my revolted fubjects fhun their king,
'And only bow to his ungrateful nephew.

'Peace,' faid th' impatient prince, 'I pray thee peace.
'Thy heated mind miftakes thy nephew's act.
'Confider coolly. Let impartial truth
'Weigh all my actions. Not a deed is done
'But was concerted to advance thy pow'r,
'Thy dignity and honor.'

‘ Empty words,
‘ No,’ ſaid the monarch, ‘ thou haſt ſtrip’d my throne,
‘ And made my ſubjects greater than myſelf.’

‘ I crave thy patience,’ ſaid the prince aloud,
‘ Firſt hear, and then condemn. When the proud foe
‘ Publiſh’d his haughty purpoſe, to invade
‘ And deſolate thy realm with fire and ſword,
‘ Didſt thou not ſend to aſk my father’s aid?
‘ Was not a private poſt diſpatch’d to me,
‘ Requeſting me to lead my country’s force?
‘ And came I not in haſte to join thy Medes
‘ With thirty thouſand Perſians, choſen youths,
‘ All hardy as the flint? Didſt thou not ſay
‘ Armenia had refus’d her cuſtom’d tribute,
‘ And would not ſend her ſtipulated force;
‘ And went not I and ſhook her feeble throne,
‘ Making her tributary monarch quake,
‘ And gladly ſend thee twenty thouſand foot,
‘ Four thouſand horſe, and money more than due?

‘ And

'And when I join'd thee with my new ally,
'And thy ten thouſand horſe, and num'rous foot,
'March'd proudly after us to meet the foe;
'Did I not lead the onſet againſt force
'Of horſe thrice equal, twice as many foot,
'Four hundred chariots, and repulſe them all?
'Where have I injur'd thee?'

'Proceed,' he cried,
'Tell of thy actions to the preſent hour,
'All theſe I grant were good.'

'I will proceed,'
Replied the prince, 'tho' 'twas not in my heart
'To boaſt my actions in ſo proud a tone.
'Fell not th' Aſſyrian monarch in the fight,
'And univerſal joy diſſolv'd the ranks
'Of thy tranſported Medes? Fled not the foe
'Under the covert of impending night,
'And came not I petitioning ſome horſe

‘ To follow after them? What were thy words?
‘ It was thy wiſh the army might have reſt,
‘ And yield a little to the force of joy.
‘ I told thee I would on. 'Twas my requeſt
‘ Such as were willing of the Medes at leaſt
‘ Might bear me company. Conſent was giv'n,
‘ Thy free unlimited conſent, and I
‘ Went forward with my Perſians. All the Medes,
‘ And thy permiſſion juſtified the act,
‘ With expedition follow'd. So we went,
‘ And hand in hand ſurpriz'd the flying foe,
‘ And ſhar'd his treaſures, ſome approving God
‘ Holding a lamp to guide our midnight march.
‘ An army of Hyrcanian horſe had joined us,
‘ And Gobryas, an old Aſſyrian Prince,
‘ Revolted to us, ſupplicating aid
‘ To puniſh his proud maſter for a crime
‘ Not now to be rehears'd. We pitied him,
‘ And full of ardor to the very walls
‘ Of lofty Babylon prolonged our march.

‘ We

' We challeng'd the proud king to ſingle fight
' Or univerſal battle. He refus'd.
' We paſs'd the capital, and dreading nought,
' March'd to the fortreſs of Gadátas, won
' A great ally, moſt hateful to his king,
' And ere we left him number'd with our friends,
' Caduſian, Sacian, and Hyrcanian troops,
' Eight thouſand horſe, and forty thouſand foot.
' To Babylon once more—and on my ſoul
' I do believe I ſhould have ſtorm'd her walls,
' Have let Rebellion in at all her gates,
' And ſet her crown on Cyaxares head,
' But that the fretful monarch held my arm.
' I left her ſafe, and ceas'd to do thee good
' For want of thy compliance.'

' 'Twas not well,'
Replied the monarch, ' Cyrus, 'twas not well,
' 'Twas not becoming one whoſe arm could dare
' Deeds ſo magnificent, to ſtrip my ſide

' Of ev'ry friend I had. 'Tis true I gave
' Unlimited consent. But were it just,
' Shouldst thou to honor some deserving friend
' Give him permission to take what he would,
' Say were it just that he should strip thy tent
' And leave thee destitute of all thou hadst?
' Had I by secret practice won thy force,
' And silently departed in the night,
' Were it not grievous when the morning rose,
' Though thy permission justified the act,
' To find thyself forsaken and alone
' And not a Persian left?'

' I grant it were;
' And if I have displeas'd thee, I repent;
' I'm sorry for it; for the nerves of war
' Should ever act in concert. Weigh my fault,
' And freely I repay thee.'

' Name

'Name it not.
'I ask no recompence. To own a fault
'Is to repeal it. 'Twas a deed of youth.'

'Now by my honor,' cried the Persian Prince,
'There is such greatness in those gen'rous words
'It grieves me to have wrong'd thee. Chide no more;
'Let us in union to the gen'ral camp;
'Assume the majesty of Media's king,
'And give commandment to thy own again.
'To-morrow we'll consult, whether 'twere best
'To disunite our force, and leave the field,
'Or brave again the perils of the sword.'

'Do as thou wilt. I cherish no dislike,'
Replied the Monarch. 'Let us act like friends,
'And be the friends we seem. Let not thy foot
'Trespass on Honor's bounds, no more shall mine.
'I take thy hand contented. Lead me hence
'And shew me all thy glory.

With

With quick ftep
Cyrus advanc'd and beckon'd to his hoft.
The horfe come flying on the wings of fpeed.
Their equal-pacing hoofs on the dry plain
Sound like approaching thunder. Hark, the word.
And ev'ry horfeman curbs his eager fteed,
And ev'ry fteed in patient order ftands.
Behold the foot, an army undifturb'd,
And moving lightly at the leader's word
Void of incumbrance—at his word they halt.

Then Cyrus fmiling bade the Monarch mount,
Gave the known fignal, and th' obedient Medes
Followed their King. Himfelf his foaming fteed
Mounted well-pleas'd and tow'rd the general camp
With expedition rode.

Upon a brow
Which overlook'd the white pavilion'd plain,
Where all his pow'rs encamp'd, he paus'd a while

To

To give his army reſt and ſhew the King,
Ere yet the hov'ring ſun withdrew his beams,
His univerſal hoſt. Wav'd was the land
With tented ſtreets. And here and there a ſpace
Was full of active ſoldiers, buſy ſtill
Some with the lance, and with the arrow ſome,
Some marching haſtily to force a paſs,
Some ſtedfaſtly defending, ſome engag'd
To train the fiery ſteed, and mounted ſome
On ſcouring courſers ſwifter than the wind.
'Twas all confuſion to a ſtranger's eye,
But not to his who was the ſecret ſpring
Of ev'ry action ſeen. With ſilent joy
He welcom'd the grand proſpect, and approv'd
The glorious uproar. Cyaxares ſmil'd,
And bade proceed. The willing Prince obey'd,
But ere they march'd again, with ſudden ſhout
Commanded all his army to announce
The Prince returning and the King appeas'd.
Three times they ſhouted. All the plain was ſtill.

Three times the ſhout return'd. Down the rude ſteep
They march exulting, and thro' joyful ranks
Come as the ev'ning cloſes to their tents.

Full in the centre, on a riſing ground,
Stood a pavilion of enormous bulk
Prepar'd for Cyaxares. To the door
Cyrus himſelf conducts him, and withdraws
With promiſe to attend by early day,
And call his gen'rals to the grand debate.

The monarch enters, and in royal pomp
Receives the homage of his bowing Medes.
With eye tranſported he beholds the ſpoil
In frequent preſents brought, forgets his wrath,
Banquets, rejoices, and applauds the Prince,
And full of glory to his couch retires.

NOW morning dawns, and the reluctant fun
Slowly afcending from a woody hill,
Fringes the fleeting clouds that crofs his way
With fiery fcarlet. Cyrus and his train
Wait at the door of Cyaxares' tent.
It opens, and the gorgeous King appears
Array'd in pomp upon a throne of gold.
Nor more delay, but ev'ry tongue is ftill,
The Monarch rifes, and the fpeech begins.

' Princes and friends, as firft in years and rank,
' So am I firft to open the debate
' And ftate the queftion. Whether it were beft,
' So many battles won, fo many foes
' Defeated and repuls'd, fo many friends
' So many armies gain'd, and fo much fpoil——

'Whether 'twere beſt, I ſay, to keep the field,
'Or, ſatisfied with honor and ſucceſs,
'Embrace the bleſſings of returning peace,
'And to our homes diſperſe. Speak ye that wiſh,
'Regarding not our preſence, well aſſur'd
'We hear the voice of liberty with joy.'

He ended, and Hyſtaſpas thus began.
(A hardy Perſian with a ſoul of fire,
Daring deſtruction with as little fear
As fleſh were flint) 'I muſt declare for war.
'Shall we diſperſe and ſheath the ſword in peace
'Ere we are warm with action? What is done?
'We have but rous'd the lion. Shall we fly?
'We have but wak'd the bear and ſtol'n his cub.
'And ſhall we home and lay our weapons by,
'Fondly ſuppoſing he will let us reſt
'Unmindful of revenge? To arms and fight.
'Expect an onſet, for the treach'rous beaſt
'Lurks for occaſion to employ his teeth

'And

'And glut his malice with a feaſt of blood.
'Or, if ye will, be confident. Diſperſe,
'And leave me only to ſuſtain his rage.
'I fear him not, nor will I think of home,
'Till I have lop'd this proud Aſſyrian's head,
'And plac'd his crown upon Gadatas' brow.'

'Yet not alone, brave ſoldier,' ſaid a voice,
The voice of Gobryas. 'Let an old man
'At leaſt go with thee. Moſt deſerving King,
'I crave thy patience that I thus preſume
'To interrupt the council, but my wrongs
'Still recent make me bold, and I forget
'That nature made me of Aſſyrian blood.
'Let me relate in your attentive ear
'The tragic ſtory of my murder'd boy.
'I had a ſon, and his remembrance yet
'Is dear to half his country as to me.
'His ſov'reign, father of this tyrant, ſaw
'And would have made his virtues clear as day

'By giving him his daughter. I, rejoic'd
'My ſon ſhould wed the daughter of my King,
'Sent him to court. Unhappy day! The Prince,
'He who now holds the ſceptre, vex'd to ſee
'His deeds outdone, and all his glory loſt
'In the ſuperior luſtre of my ſon,
'Provok'd him to the chace. He thought at leaſt
'To have excell'd him in the dart and lance
'And agile feats of ſkilful horſemanſhip.
'But here alike unequal, twice he threw,
'Twice miſs'd, and twice with after-ſtroke my ſon
'Transfix'd his game. With diſappointment ſtung,
'And all on fire with envy, ſavage dog,
'He could no longer hold, but ſnatch'd a lance
'And hurl'd it at my boy. Forgive my tears,
'His aim was fatal.'

'Baſe tyrannic deed,'
Exclaim'd Hyſtaſpas, 'ſhall he live for this?
'Let us pour lightning in at all his gates,

'And

'And rouſe a peal of thunder in his ears
'Shall ſhake his palaces to ruins.'

' Think',
Proceeded Gobryas, 'think what a change,
'Think what a grievous change was there. Theſe arms,
'With which I thought to bleſs a wedded ſon,
'Were bitterly conſtrain'd to ſeal his eyes
'And deck his bier. Unhappy boy! the down
'Had ſcarce begun to ſhew its early growth
'Upon his manly cheek, when murd'rous death
'Shut up his lips for ever. Nor was he,
'This Babyloniſh tyrant, at the deed
'Warm with a ſpark of pity or remorſe.
'Oft would the good old King his father weep
'And comfort my misfortune, and were he
'Yet living, to your tents my worthy friends
'I ſtill had been a ſtranger; for my ſoul
'Abhors the man who can deſert his friend.
'But how, when he who ſlew my only boy

‘ Came to the throne, could I ſupport his arms?
‘ I thought indeed to have forſook the field,
‘ And ſent my ſon to fight his father's foes.
‘ But earth had no ſuch happineſs for me,
‘ And here I am a deſtitute old man,
‘ Oblig'd to ſeek the meaſure of revenge
‘ From you, my enemies. Will ye diſperſe
‘ And leave me only to oppoſe his wrath?
‘ What can I do againſt a foe ſo ſtrong,
‘ Burning with rage for my diſloyal flight?
‘ Remember, worthy Prince, when to his walls
‘ I bore thy challenge. Did he not declare
‘ He not repented he had kill'd my ſon,
‘ It only griev'd him that the father liv'd.
‘ How then ſhall I eſcape? Think of my wrongs
‘ And think I have a daughter, and will yet
‘ Do much to ſerve you that my daughter live.'

‘ Afflicted Prince, thy injuries are great,'
Said Artabázus, a deſigning Mede,

One

One who abhor'd the field, afraid at heart,
But hid his cowardice with hoary locks,
External zeal, and plaufible parade.
' Thy injuries are great, but public good
' Muft not be weigh'd againft domeftic lofs.
' 'Twere beft that we difperfe. Enough is done
' To fhew the proud Affyrian we can fight,
' And dare repel him if he dares affault.
' Let us retreat. He will not urge us more,
' But confcious of our ftrength lie ftill and fleep.
' If we prefume to ftir him up again
' Defpair may make him valiant, and the Gods,
' Offended at our thirft to deal in blood
' When juftice has been done us, may repent
' And thwart our arrogance with great defeat.'

' Peace Artabazus,' faid a manly voice.
Chryfantas fpoke, an honorable Perfian,
Efteem'd by Cyrus, and the firft in rank
Next to the Prince, of ftature low and mean,

And little of the soldier in his look,
But wise and prudent. ‘ Peace, restrain thy tongue.
‘ Forbode no evil. If thy courage fail
‘ Return to pleasure and domestic ease,
‘ Sleep thro’ the day and die in nature’s course.
‘ Be not a child in judgment. For the mind
‘ In retrograde direction to the body,
‘ And feeble in our youth, the stronger grows
‘ The longer we hold on our course of years;
‘ And when our limbs and these external pow’rs
‘ By which we act forsake us, then within
‘ In her full strength she sits, and pilots home
‘ Unwary youth. It grieves me to perceive
‘ A hoary head in understanding weak.
‘ Shall we disperse with victory elate
‘ And strong with numbers? Shall we shun the foe
‘ Already beaten and aghast with fear,
‘ And give him courage by a mean retreat?
‘ Shall we desert these generous allies
‘ Who purchas’d us security and peace,

'And ſend them home for the tyrannic King
'To puniſh at his leiſure? baſe return.
'We once were feeble. Were we feeble ſtill
''Twere prudent to diſperſe. But we are ſtrong,
'And it were gratitude to fight for theſe
'By whoſe aſſiſtance we defy the foe,*
'And pay their labors with a laſting peace.
'But how ſhall peace be laſting if we fly?
'Tho' weak myſelf, and of the puny race,
'And no Achilles with the roe-buck's foot
'And giant's arm, tho' for attempts of ſtrength
'And corp'ral energy I may be rank'd
'Laſt of ten thouſand, I declare for war,
'Continual war, 'till we have won the realm
'Of proud Aſſyria, all her flocks and herds,
'And all the luxury abundance pours
'Upon her gorgeous capital; till chains
'Have humbled Crœſus, and we ſee the vine
'The fig-tree and the olive bear for us
'Their rich autumnal load: 'till Cyrus' name

'Is echoed from the fartheſt eaſtern ſhore
'To Phrygia and the Grecian Helleſpont,
'And ev'ry wind wafts home a golden fleece
'To bleſs his mild and happy ſov'reignty.'

'Brave ſoldier,' cried the Prince, 'thy prudent voice
'Speaks truth and reaſon. 'Twere enormous guilt
'Not to ſupport our generous allies,
'Not to be active to eſtabliſh them
'As they for us. My ſuffrage is for war.
'To night, for ſo theſe letters have inform'd me,
'My father ſends, at my requeſt, a force
'Of forty thouſand Perſians. Join'd by theſe
'What need we fear? Who has not courage then
'May leave us and retire. Let us be brave.
'Let preparation ſound in all our tents.
'Let us build tow'rs and chariots, and invent
'Dreadful expedients to confound the foe;
'Nor reſt till we have quell'd the tyrant's rage,
'And laid his mighty city in the duſt.'

He ended, and the crowd with one conſent
Shouted applauſe; all but a ſingle voice.
'Twas Artabazus, and he 'gan excuſe
His poor advice, but murmur fill'd the tent,
And red with indignation he retir'd.

That moment to the tent Pheraulas came,
And brought deſerters from th' Aſſyrian hoſt.
'Twas their report the diſappointed King
And all his army, laden with the ſpoils
Of their great city, had begun their march
Tow'rd Lydia. 'Their report,' Pheraulas ſaid,
'Spread in an inſtant thro' the Perſian camp,
'And all our army to a ſingle man
'Are up in arms. They ſay that at thy name
'Affrighted, the proud tyrant ſeeks a den
'To lock up and ſecure his mighty treaſures;
'And if we march not ere the cloſe of day,
'Before we camp upon Euphrates' banks
'He will have ſtrip'd his gorgeous palaces

'Of

‘ Of all the wealth and plenty they contain.
‘ So will the ſcanty payment of our toils
‘ Be only to behold where once the king
‘ Lock’d up the treaſures which his grandſire won;
‘ Enormous treaſures, of whoſe large account
‘ We all have knowledge, ſince there are alive
‘ Who yet remember Egypt unſubdued
‘ And her rich neighbour the unſocial Jew.
‘ Such are their haſty words, while we who rule
‘ In vain attempt to moderate their ardor.
‘ Like the loud torrent of the latter rain
‘ They flounce along in their impetuous courſe,
‘ And ſweep all argument away before them.’

‘ Let them go on,’ replied the ſtedfaſt Prince
Nothing diſturb’d. ‘ ’Tis the weak judgment’s law
‘ Not to abate till it o’erflow its bounds,
‘ And diſſipate its force. When time and truth
‘ Have brought them to their ſcatter’d wits again
‘ They will be temper’d with an eaſy rein,

‘ And

'And our affairs, as they were wont, glide on
'In channel undiſturb'd. Think ye the king
'Would give up Babylon in ſuch a mood?
'Truſt me, my friends, 'twill be an arduous taſk
'To force him from it. Recollect the day
'When to his high and towery walls advanc'd,
'I ſent out Gobryas, and bade him ſay
'Myſelf would fight the tyrant, ſhould he dare
'In ſingle combat with me to contend;
'Or we would all engage him man to man.
'Say was his anſwer ſuch as might betray
'A coward heart, or intimate a fear.
'Proudly ſecure, he bade us come again,
'For then he had no leiſure to fight with us.
'Think not the monarch has forſook his city.
'Avoids the ſubtle tyger his faſt-hold,
'Or flies the lion from his den? 'Tis there,
'Growling in darkneſs, he defies the dart,
'And dares thee to come in. And Babylon,
'Shall mighty Babylon, Euphrates' pride,

'The world's aſtoniſhment, wall'd up to Heav'n,
'Gated with braſs, bolted with iron beams,
'Be thought too weak to guard a nation's wealth?
'Go hence Pheraulas, and report my words.
'Tell them the tyrant has begun his march
'To purchaſe Crœſus. I commend their zeal.
'And ſay, if Cyaxares gives conſent,
'Ere day declines, myſelf will lead them on
'To intercept the king in his return,
'And give him battle for his gold.'

He ſaid,
And Cyaxares roſe. 'Go on,' he cried,
'Go on, brave youth, and build eternal fame
'Upon Aſſyria's ruin. I retire,
'* For my attendance will retard thy march.

* Mr. Rollin is of opinion that Cyaxares was only one year older than his nephew Cyrus. Upon what evidence he founds his conjecture, the author of this poem is altogether ignorant; but having found him, in many inſtances, an incorrect tranſlator, he has ventured to believe that he is here alſo under a miſtake. In the great hunt mentioned in the firſt book of the Cyropœdia, Cyaxares

'Take of my Medes two-thirds, the reſt be mine
'To guard my frontiers, and attend my court.
'Go, and the Gods be with thee.'

Cyaxares is diſpatched by Aſtyages to be the guardian of Cyrus, who was but a boy. Again, when the king of Babylon's ſon came to hunt upon the borders of Media, and Aſtyages met him with an armed force, an active part of the troops were given to the command of Cyaxares; offices for which he can hardly be ſuppoſed properly qualified, if but a year older than Cyrus; who was, as Xenophon informs us, at this time not more than fifteen or ſixteen. He ſtill adheres to his error, and thinks Xenophon muſt be miſtaken, when he ſays that the daughter of Cyaxares afterwards married to Cyrus, was much beloved by him when they were children together at the court of their grandfather. Still continuing in this opinion, he ventures to place the marriage of Cyrus much earlier than the hiſtorian, an event which could not poſſibly have taken place ſo ſoon, if Cyaxares had been ſo young. Some hiſtorians indeed had ſaid that Cyrus married the *ſiſter* of Cyaxares, but this account Xenophon rejects as not true. Cyaxares, therefore, in this poem is drawn as much older than the prince. His own behavior, and the deference and reſpect he received from Cyrus, are a ſufficient proof that he was ſo.

At another place Mr. Rollin ſays that Laborofoarchod was the King who injured Gobryas by killing his ſon, and forbears to mention the tranſports of Gobryas and Gadatas, their kiſſing the hands and feet of Cyrus, and weeping for joy, when Belſhazzar was ſurprized and ſlain; though the latter circumſtance plainly proves that Belſhazzar, and not Laborofoarchod, was the man who had injured both.

Again,

'Live the king,
'Long live the king,' the joyful crowd exclaim'd.
The army heard it, and repeated ſhouts
Round the pavilion thunder'd.

Cyrus roſe.
A ſudden thought had ſtruck him. He look'd round,
'And where,' he cried, 'is that brave youth Araſpes?
'It was his cuſtom to aſſiſt us much
'In theſe our conſultations. Is he here?'

No voice replied; but Artabazus roſe,
Araſpes' enemy, with ſecret ire
Inwardly burning. For the gen'rous youth

Again, the challenge which Cyrus offered Belſhazzar the firſt time he came to the walls of Babylon, Mr. Rollin makes him offer when he returns again from the territory of Gadatas, at which time, from motives of prudence, he did not approach to be ſeen from the walls, but marched directly away to the frontiers of Media.

Many more errors of leſs importance might be pointed out; but the taſk is invidious, and perhaps too much has been ſaid already.

Had

Had mark'd his cowardice, and in the field,
When the grey rebel would have turn'd and fled,
Pointed his ſword, and bade him fight or die.
With envy too he burn'd, becauſe the youth
Was Cyrus' friend, and he was ſcarce eſteem'd.
He roſe, and with a traitor's ſmile began.

'I can inform you of the noble youth.
'As hitherward I came at break of day,
'I met him not far hence with folded arms:
'His pace was gentle when I ſaw him firſt;
'But as I nearer drew, and mark'd his gait,
'Studious to know from what ungracious cauſe
'He was at ſuch an hour unarm'd and idle,
'Wont to be ever buſy, and with thee
'In council firſt, he turn'd aſide and fled.
'I came upon him unawares, and couch'd
'Under the wood that with its friendly ſhade
'Begirds the lake faſt by, of him unſeen,
'Took notice of his actions and his words.

'No

' No ſooner did he pauſe, but with a ſigh,
' As he had loſt a kingdom, on the graſs
' That on the margin grew of the calm lake
' He threw himſelf, and thinking no one near,
' Por'd on the pure expanſe, himſelf as ſtill
' As the ſmooth flood, which to the riſing ſun
' Its glowing mirror held without a wrinkle.
' At laſt he ſpied within the lake a fiſh
' That ſported to and fro, and ſeem'd to joy
' In the ſun's genial ray.' " Happy eſtate,
" Yea, happieſt," ſaid he, " if thus to ſport
" Be all thy care; and who but would exchange,
" And for thy happineſs the wide world quit,
" And be content to dwell in ſhallow pools.
" With thee Ambition lives not, nor with thee
" Pleads the ſtarv'd lover his rejected ſuit
" With unavailing tears." ' More he had ſaid,
' But from the thicket ruſh'd a monſtrous boar
' Hot from the chace, and would have ſlak'd his thirſt,
' Had not the moody hero, half-ſurpris'd,

' Leap'd

' Leap'd up, and bade the briſtly fool begone.
' I was amazement all, to think unarm'd
' He ſhould preſume diſdainfully to frown
' Upon the angry beaſt, and thought ere long
' To ſee his horrible reſentment rous'd.
' But he, alike amaz'd to ſee the boy
' Look grim, and threaten, fled into the wood
' Crouching. He unappal'd again laid down,
' And when I left him was intent to mark
' And moralize the actions of a fly.
' Soon after, as I paſs'd the captive's tent,
' I aſk'd her ſervants of him; whether love
' Had not prevail'd, and he his amorous ſuit
' Pleaded unheard. Suſpicion was confirm'd.'

' Go then,' exclaim'd the prince, ' and tell the
' youth
' He wrongs me. Bid him haſten to my tent,
' And ſay I wait his coming. We mean while,
' When Cyaxares has diſmiſs'd the court,

'Will ſee what farther preparation needs
'To ſet us on our march.'

The council roſe.
Each to his tent return'd. Then all the camp
Reſounded with applauſe, and frequent ſtrokes
Of ardent preparation. To the tent
Of ſad Panthea Artabazus ſpeeds,
Proud of his office, and reſolv'd at heart
To vex the noble youth, and ſting him deep
With all the waſp's reſentment.

With the queen,
Caught in the chains of love, Araſpes ſtands,
Juſt enter'd from his lonely tedious walk.
All pity, and all admiration he,
And ſhe all gratitude and grief. She wept
To think herſelf a captive, and no more
The queen of Abradates. Yet a ſmile
Would often diſſipate the clouds of grief,

And

And make her ſorrows lovely as the morn
Sparkling with dews. Tranſported he look'd on,
Alive to nought but love. Behold her now
Adminiſt'ring ſweet comfort to her friend,
Breathing the ſighs of love, not underſtood,
But deem'd by her the ſymptoms of fatigue.
She thought, perhaps, ſome undermining grief
Had found a ſecret way into his heart,
Unmerited as her's. Or from the chace
And toilſome labours of the field return'd,
His ſtrength was ſpent, and weary nature crav'd
Needful refreſhment. 'Wilt thou eat?' ſhe cried,
'What ſhall I give thee to recruit thy ſtrength?
'Sit down and let me ſerve thee.'

'Lovely woman,
'I am not weary,' ſaid the thankful youth.
'Hunger and thirſt are ſtrangers to my lips;
'For who could thirſt or hunger, let his eye
'But feed like mine upon Panthea's cheek?

'Let me gaze on, and gaze an age away.
'At ſuch a feaſt, great gods, who envies you
'Your nectar and ambroſia?'

'Noble youth,'
Replied Panthea, with a downcaſt eye,
'Alas! I fear thou wouldſt beguile my heart,
'And rob it of its love to Abradates.'

'Fear not,' he cried, 'Upon a ſoldier's word,
'I would not wrong thee of a moment's peace
'To be the monarch of the univerſe.'

'I kneel and thank thee,' ſaid the grateful queen.

'Riſe, riſe!' exclaim'd the youth; 'thoſe charms
'By ſuch a poſture muſt not be diſgrac'd.
''Tis mine to kneel, and thine to be ador'd.
'Heav'n gave no majeſty to me. This hand
'Bears not a ſceptre, nor this head a crown.'

‘ Yet thou haſt virtues,’ ſaid the riſing queen,
‘ Bright as the train of heav’n. To ſuch are due
‘ Humbleſt obeiſance, nor need majeſty
‘ E’er bluſh to yield it, though it ſway the world.
‘ O gen’rous youth, thy kindneſs has reviv’d
‘ The recollection of more happy days.
‘ It was for ſuch a man, ſo good, ſo great,
‘ I ſpurn’d the pleaſures of domeſtic life,
‘ And ſought the field to be Love’s miniſter.’

‘ ’Twas nobly done. Repent it not,’ he cried,
‘ Virtue may ſuffer, but ſhe cannot fall.
‘ All her deſerts are regiſter’d in heav’n,
‘ And the great gods themſelves have ſealed their bond
‘ That ſhe ſhall live and proſper. Shall we pine,
‘ And be diſhearten’d with a day of grief,
‘ When the ſame hand which brought affliction on
‘ Retains its pow’r, and can with equal eaſe
‘ Remove it ?’

'Oh! I blame it not,' ſhe ſaid.
'Adverſity is good. I had not known
'How much I ow'd to Heav'n, if bitter chance
'Had not reduced me to this painful hour.
'And ſhould the gracious gods again reſtore me
'To the fond arms of that deſerving man,
'Whoſe abſence is the loſs of all I love,
'I ſhall be bleſt indeed; bleſt as thoſe gods
'Who live for ever, bleſt in him, in thee;
'In him my huſband, and in thee, my friend.
'He ſhall love thee, and thou ſhalt honor him;
'For he is hon'rable, and ſo art thou;
'And I will love you both, him firſt, then thee.
'O happy, happy days! Shall I be free?'

'Thou ſhalt be free,' exclaim'd the am'rous
'youth,'
'I ſwear thou ſhalt. But wilt thou love me then?
'Canſt thou love Abradates and love me?

'A man

'A man ſo dignified,' replied the queen,
'By virtuous actions, ev'ry ſoul muſt love.
'I love thee much, but not like Abradates.
'He is my huſband. All my heart is his,
'And 'tis through him I love thee, for I know
'He too will love thee. If he diſapproves,
'Then muſt not I eſteem. But he is great,
'And will repay thy goodneſs to his queen
'With many a charity, and many a ſmile.'

'Yet if I make thee free,' rejoin'd the youth,
'Wilt thou not love me with an equal ſhare
'Of pure affection? Say the Suſian king
'Firſt won thy love, and firſt obtain'd thy hand,
'Yet did he never ſave thee from the chain
'Of galling ſervitude.'

'An equal ſhare
'Of pure affection,' ſaid the virtuous queen,
'It is not in Panthea's pow'r to give.

'I thought, indeed, I could love none but him,
'Yet has thy goodneſs made me love thee much,
'I cannot ſay how much, but be aſſur'd
'I love thee much, yea more than all mankind,
'Save him.'

'Yea moſt of all,' exclaim'd the youth;
'I ſee confeſſion lurking in thine eye,
'And, but for modeſty, thou hadſt declar'd
'Thou lov'ſt me only. Come then, let me ſeize
'That honey'd kiſs, that on thy crimſon lip
'Stands centinel, and longs to be reliev'd.'

. . . .

'Away, away, nor drive me to deſpair.'

'What,' ſaid the baffled youth, 'is one poor kiſs
'Too great a gift for him who makes thee free?
'Is gratitude a debt ſo ſoon diſcharg'd?
'But I will not upbraid thee. Haply yet
'Thou wilt beſtow it, and art now ſo coy

'Only

'Only to make it ſweeter half refus'd.
'Come then and let us cancel love's account.
'Be all the gratitude a friend deſerves
'In one ſweet kiſs collected, and by Heav'n
'I will not aſk for more. Muſt the brave ſoul
'Which never felt a ſorrow of its own
'Yet of a neighbor's grief by choice partakes,
'Muſt that brave ſoul no recompence receive?
'It were a tax indeed on charity
'To be ſo hardly uſed.'

'Yet the brave ſoul,'
Replied Panthea, with a ſtedfaſt look,
'Never requires a recompence ſo large,
'That to beſtow it we muſt wrong another.
'Kneel not, for all intreaty ſhall be vain.
'Thou ſhalt not move me tho' thou weep a ſea.
'Command a gift I may in juſtice give,
'Thou ſhalt obtain it though it make me poor
'For ever and for ever.'

'Love

'Love me then,'

Exclaim'd the youth.

'I love thee much,' ſhe ſaid,
'And I ſhall love thee more, as time unfolds
'And opens all thy virtues to my view.
'But with unbounded love I cannot love thee,
'Aſk it no more.'

'It is enough,' he cried,
'I give thee mine, unbounded as the ſky,
'And as the ocean deep. O lovely queen,
'Beauty uſurps the empire of my heart,
'All its affections —— Artabazus here!
'What would you, ſoldier?'

'Why that frown, Araſpes?'
Said Artabazus, with a look of ſcorn,
'What! Is a ſoldier's duty done ſo ſoon,
'He may be laviſh of his time and wit,

'And

'And ſpend his patience at the fruitleſs ſiege
'Of froward beauty, never to be won?'

'A truce to thy reproaches,' cried the youth,
'Or thou ſhalt quickly my reſentment feel,
'And bitterly repent thy coming thus
'Boldly intruſive.'

'Silence, ſaucy boy,'
Said Artabazus with an angry frown,
'Nor think, were I unarm'd, and we alone,
'Thy magiſterial threats ſhould ſeal my lips.
'Cyrus himſelf has ſent me to thy tent,
'And charg'd me to upbraid thee for neglect.'

'Be ſtill a moment,' the vex'd youth replied,
'And ſpare thy malice till convenient time
'Gives us occaſion to converſe alone.'

'We are alone,' 'the frowning chief replied,
'The captive is retir'd. Is it thy fear
'The public mouth ſhould chatter of thy fault?
''Tis in the lips of ev'ry one. Myſelf
'Heard it in council. 'Twas the common talk
'Of all the ſoldiers as I paſt their tents.
'Is this the man who once ſo ſtoutly fought,
'Firſt in the field, and at the council firſt,
'Cyrus' right hand, the ſoul of bravery,
'So tame, ſo gentle, ſo beſool'd by love,
'A mighty hero by a purblind child?
'Is there a ſoldier but thyſelf would kneel
'And pray for conqueſt, love-ſick boy?'

'Peace, peace,'
Araſpes cried. 'Reſtrain thy venom'd tongue,
'Nor ſpeak of love as if it were unfit
'The hardy ſoldier's heart ſhould give it room.
'The Gods themſelves have lov'd, and we are Gods
'When our hard hearts have learn'd to love like them.

'Accuſe

‘ Accuſe me not. It is a myſtery
‘ Not to be underſtood of thee, old man,
‘ Who in the ſavage acts of murd'rous war
‘ Haſt loſt humanity and kind regard,
‘ And all thy better ſelf, deriv'd from Heav'n,
‘ So ſtrangely forfeited, that of the man
‘ Nothing remains but the mere wither'd huſk.
‘ Put up thy ſword. Be valiant in the field.
‘ Fight with the enemy. To ſhed his blood
‘ Were juſt and hon'rable. To thirſt for mine,
‘ Tho' I provoke thee with no wiſh to live,
‘ Is baſe and cowardly. Put up thy ſword.
‘ Thy arm is paralytic; ſee, it ſhakes.
‘ I could diſarm thee with a ruſh. The tongue —
‘ That is thy weapon, with the tongue contend.
‘ Batter my ears. Be bitter as revenge,
‘ As pride and diſappointed hate can make thee.
‘ I will endure it, for I fear thee not.'

‘ Inſulting

'Inſulting boy,' exclaim'd the hoary chief,
Staring with fury, 'proud inſulting boy,
'I would have cut thy love-ſick heart in two,
'Have ſhed thy blood, and trod thee under foot;
'But I deſpiſe thee, I deſpiſe thee, boy.
'I will not kill thee, for that beardleſs face
'Was born but yeſterday. I'd ſooner dip
'My poliſh'd weapon in a chicken's blood,
'Than ſtain it with the crimſon ſtreams that warm
'Thoſe maiden cheeks of thine. Live, love, and ſigh.
'Think not of Cyrus. Bid the Prince be gone,
'And fight his bloody battles by himſelf.
'I told him of the youth who roſe betimes,
'Regardleſs of his ſummons, and when I
'Went to the council, in the morning ſun
'Baſk'd on the woody brink of yon ſmooth lake.
'I told him of the fiſh, the boar, the fly,
'And how the water to his frequent ſighs
'Stood all attention, and in ſilent ſcorn
'Smil'd at the follies wrought upon its banks.

'I told

‘ I told him that the Queen had won his Mede,
‘ And he difpatch'd me to upbraid the boy.
‘ He bade me tell him that he did him wrong,
‘ Unpardonable wrong, and muft that hour
‘ Come to his tent. That hour has long been gone,
‘ And I will hence and tell him that the Mede
‘ Scorns his ambaffador and fears not him.
‘ Go, trufty foldier, fly the Prince's wrath,
‘ Employ thy fword in the Affyrian's caufe,
‘ And let ingratitude imbrue her hands
‘ In her own country's blood. Thou art not fafe
‘ Within thefe tents; let me advife thee, fly.
‘ Stay not, for Artabazus is thy foe,
‘ And Artabazus has the Prince's ear.’

He faid and left him. Heartily afham'd
He ftood, he walk'd, he wept. Surely the Prince
Was not fo angry as the foldier faid.
Is there no room for pity? Are all hearts
Inflexible as thine, O lovely woman?

He knew the Prince confiderate and kind,
And his great foul might yet perhaps forgive.
He would not fly, for that were to renounce
All chance of happinefs. Shall he be bold
And go to Cyrus? Shame and fear forbid.
Shall he purfue the Queen? Love whifpers ay,
But duty and the mandate of the Prince
Thunder an awful nay. Perplex'd with doubt,
Thrice he approach'd Panthea, thrice retir'd,
Thrice knit his brows, and ventur'd to the door,
And thrice withdrew, not daring to be feen.
At length determin'd to obey the Prince,
He left his tent, and marching thro' the camp,
Came with flow ftep to his pavilion door.

OLD Artabazus was at Cyrus' ear
Infusing poison. With a traitor's tongue
He magnified Araspes' fault, yet whin'd
And even wept as he pursu'd his tale,
That seeming pity, and a show'ry eye
Might hide the purpose of his envious heart.
He thought to stifle friendship, and divert
Cyrus' affection from the noble Mede,
Hoping preferment in Araspes' fall.
But Cyrus knew his envy, knew his hate,
Knew his ambition. With attentive ear
He heard his tale, commended his regard,
But gave no credit to his hollow grief.
'Fear not,' he cried, 'the youth may yet be wise.
'See where he comes with solemn aspect, slow

' As aged Priam following to the tomb
' His warlike ſon. How heavy is his grief!
' How largely he repents! His downcaſt head
' Hangs like the morning lily drown'd in dew.
' Leave us together, and prepare to march.
' By this time our allies have ſtruck their tents,
' And wait our orders to proceed. Strike thine,
' And hold thy Medes in readineſs to move
' At half a moment's warning. Quick, begone.'

He went in haſte, but ere he reach'd the door
Araſpes enter'd. With a fiery eye,
That flaſh'd with indignation and diſdain,
He paſs'd him haughtily, and frown'd a curſe
For his unhop'd obedience. The griev'd youth
Regarded not, but haſted to the Prince.
He purpos'd to have ſpoke, but ſudden ſhame
Put fetters on his tongue, and made him dumb.

' And can there need a ſurer proof of guilt,'
Exclaim'd the Prince, tranſported at the ſight,

‘ Than when the culprit ſtands before his judge
‘ Silent and ſelf-accus'd? Is conſcience' voice
‘ So powerful, that e'en a ſoldier's tongue
‘ Dare not ſay nay to her?’

He ſaid and paus'd.
The youth abaſh'd replied! ‘O worthy Prince,
‘ I am aſham'd to look upon thee. Guilt
‘ Of blackeſt nature ſtares me in the face,
‘ And my baſe heart that juſt reſentment dreads
‘ Its ſtrange ingratitude deſerves.’

‘ Fear not,’
Replied the Prince. ‘There is not much to blame.
‘ To fail is human, and the ſoldier's lot
‘ Is often to miſcarry. 'Twas not thine
‘ To ſtrive with love and beauty, and prevail.
‘ I told thee 'twas not, when thy forward zeal
‘ Boaſted its power to outbrave alike
‘ The frown of anger and the ſmile of love.

'The hero's heart is neither ſteel nor flint.
'Youth in the pow'rful rays of beauty's noon
'Is ice before the ſun. As ſoon expect
'Snow to be ſtedfaſt in the midſt of flame,
'As youth to look on beauty and not love.
''Twould melt a mountain, 'twould diſſolve a world.
'Be wiſe in future, and believe thy friend,
'That Babylon may loſe, but love will win.
'Cyrus may conquer all the realms on earth,
'But love ſtill triumphs, and may conquer him.'

'O Cyrus,' ſaid the youth, 'thy gen'rous heart
'Is all compaſſion to the man who needs.
'I ever found thee willing to forgive,
'And hide the faults of thy deluded friend.
'Would all that follow thee were like thee good.
'How ſcornfully did ev'ry one I paſt
'Hold up his head, and whiſper to his fellow.
'Each thought himſelf ſuperior and me fall'n.
'One with more friendly purpoſe than the reſt

'Adviſ'd

'Advis'd me not to meet thee, but revolt,
'And draw my ſword in the Aſſyrian's cauſe.
'I heard him not, for I had known thee long,
'Had felt thy goodneſs oft, and did not fear
'But Cyrus would forgive me once again.'

'Regard them not,' replied the Prince and ſmil'd
'The Gods themſelves have lov'd, 'tis hon'rable.
'It is the vulgar's error ſtill to blame
'Where reaſon lies beyond the ſhallow reach
'Of their unletter'd wit. Think no more of it.
'I have forgiv'n, and they ſhall all ere long
'Regard thy deeds with wonder and amaze,
'If I may venture to unfold ſo far
'The book of future time. Haſt thou a wiſh
'To do me ſervice?'

'How is't poſſible?'
Exclaim'd the youth, 'inform me, and I fly
'Upon the wings of lightning to my taſk.'

'Look out upon my army,' ſaid the Prince,
'Behold my tents all ſtruck, my horſe and foot
'Ready to march, my chariots and my tow'rs
'All harneſs'd. Cyaxares is appeas'd,
'And with a third part of his Medes return'd.
'Before an hour expires, this num'rous hoſt
'Moves on to meet Belſhazzar, and his friend
'The Lydian Crœſus. Fifteen days and nights
'We muſt go forward, ere we reach the ſpot
'Where I propoſe to intercept their route
'And give them battle. I would learn mean time
'What their force is, how arm'd, and how diſpos'd.
'Go then, and under color of diſgrace
'Mix with the enemy and mark their ſtrength.
'Rumor ſhall ſay, "Araſpes in diſguſt
"Is fled from Cyrus," 'and by rumor led,
'They ſhall admit thee to their whole deſigns.
'So ſhall we learn the utmoſt that we need.'

It

‘ It ſhall be done,’ replied the ready youth,
‘ Say that I fled thee angry at reproof,
‘ And ere another and another night
‘ Have drawn their ſpangled curtains overhead,
‘ I’ll be at Crœſus elbow with a tale
‘ Shall melt the moſt obduràte heart to pity.’

‘ ’Tis well, brave youth,’ replied the Prince. ‘ But ſay
‘ Canſt thou forſake Panthea?’

‘ Ah!’ he cried,
‘ At that dear name my fear’d wound bleeds afreſh.
‘ ’Tis muſic that would make a ſavage tame.
‘ It overwhelms, my ſoul, and my fond heart,
‘ Convuls’d at the ſweet ſound, recoils and faints.
‘ I have two ſouls (ſuch impious ſophiſtry
‘ Love teaches me) which, like two mighty Kings,
‘ Ever contending for the ſov’reignty,
‘ Stir up ſedition and revolt within me.
‘ While we converſe together, and I feel

'Secret correction from the bolt of truth
'Shot home, my better soul in triumph rides,
'Borne on the wings of reason to her throne.
'But when Panthea with the rebel sides,
'She comes with power not to be withstood,
'Contends with reason's self, and overturns
'The throne of her adopted. Once again
'My better soul, by revolution strange,
'Sits on her throne. O Cyrus, I am thine
'Yet wholly. To confound thy foes I fly
'With all the good-will of an honest heart,
'Which never feels itself so much at large
'As when it serves so generous a friend.'

'Go then,' replied the Prince, 'and there report
'Whate'er, as done by us, may most prevent
'And mar their future plans. When we advance
'To dare immediate battle, then return,
'And ere they change their order we will on.

'Uſe thy beſt judgment and a good event
'Attend the undertaking. Say no more.'

He ended, and Araſpes to his tent
Return'd, not joyful, but with ſullen look,
Partly diſſembled, partly not aſſum'd,
Since love has ſadneſs that no brow can hide.
His ſteed he mounts, and with a choſen few
Rides unſuſpected to the utmoſt camp,
Paſſes the guard, and to his ſtedfaſt friends
Reveals his purpoſe. They provoke their ſteeds,
And fly like arrows from the giant's bow.
'Twas needleſs to purſue. Then rumor ſpread.
An univerſal buz went thro' the camp
And came to Cyrus. Some ſurprize he ſhew'd,
But no dejection; bade the herald ſound,
And gave his orders to begin the march.

That moment all was motion. Over hills,
Thro' vales and plains the multitudinous hoſt

Mov'd like an inundation. Dreadful 'twas
To hear the prancings of th' impatient horſe,
To mark the various nations as they paſt,
To ſee the glitt'ring of a million ſpears,
To look upon the mountains cloth'd with ſhields
Tremendouſly refulgent, to behold
The hollow vales with crowded chariots fill'd,
And pond'rous tow'rs that thunder'd as they went.
So terrible it was, the very earth
Trembled and was afraid, conſcious perhaps
That he who led them was the ſword of God.

Not far the march. The Prince commands a pauſe,
Leſt a too ſpeedy progreſs leave behind
Or implement, or carriage, or aught elſe
Future neceſſity may wiſh at hand.

Meantime Chryſantas from the captive Queen
Repairs to Cyrus. Since the march began,
Oft had ſhe urg'd him to acquaint the Prince

That

That Abradates was Belshazzar's foe,
Tho' bound to serve him. 'Twas her warm request,
The Prince would give permission that a slave
Might to the foe desert, and letters bear
To Abradates. He was brave, she said,
And doubtless would not hesitate to come,
Kindly invited. So Araspes' flight,
By her occasion'd, should be thrice aton'd,
And Abradates should support his arms
With all the pow'r of Susa. Cyrus bow'd,
And gave permission. Then the army mov'd.
Night follow'd, but the crescent moon was up,
Her globe half fill'd, and held her cheerful lamp
Bright and unclouded to direct their way.

Twelve nights and days thro' the proud tyrant's
land
They push'd their march with unabated zeal,
Accustom'd to fatigue, and scarce content
To pause, while Nature her lost strength renew'd
With food and rest. The thirteenth night departs.
There was an humble hill oppos'd their march,
Cover'd with wood, and to the eye rotund,
As if thrown up by some enormous mole.
A party is dispatch'd, who climb its steep,
And reach its summit with the morning sun.
They look abroad, and hastily return.
The army halts. Intelligence arrives
The plain before them is alive with men

Removing

Removing cattle, and collecting ſtores.
The utmoſt proſpect was a cloud of ſmoke,
Or duſt uprais'd by the repeated tread
Of an approaching army.

                    'Take a troop,'
'And go, Chryſantas,' ſaid the Prince, in haſte,
'Surprize and ſeize, that we may learn the truth,
'And gain due knowledge of the foe's deſign.'
Chryſantas went, not ſtaying to reply.

Then Cyrus bade the herald ſound his horn.
Ev'ry commander to the Prince repairs.
He with a ſmile receives them, and at length
Commanding ſilence, thus unfolds his heart.

'Noble companions, let me thank you much.
'Your perſeverance thro' this toilſome march
'Makes me your friend for ever. Yon bright ſun
'Has twelve times riſen with unclouded face,

'Thirteen

'Thirteen times has yon waning moon ſhone clear
'Upon our weary progreſs. Fifteen days
'I thought would bring us to this cheerful ſpot,
'But we have reach'd it ere the thirteenth ſun
'Began diſplay his beams. So much I owe
'To your exertion and unwearied zeal.
'Already half our purpoſe is fulfil'd.
'What yet remains is to engage the foe,
'And ſhare his opulence; no painful taſk
'To heroes tried and reſolute as you.
'Behold Chryſantas. Let his way be clear'd.
'Now, ſoldier, what ſucceſs?

'Moſt worthy Prince,
'The greater part betook them to the woods.
'Theſe only we ſurpriz'd, and have brought back
'Unhurt.'

'Place them before us,' ſaid the Prince,
'Now friends, will ye prefer the loſs of life,

'Or

'Or give us true reply to what we aſk
'Of Crœſus and Belſhazzar?

'Let us live,
We are content to anſwer thee with truth.'

'Are ye Aſſyrians?'

'Noble prince we are.'

'The purpoſe of your coming?'

'To collect
'Food for ourſelves, and fodder for our horſe;
'For ſuch our numbers, that our ſtores are ſhort
'And inſufficient.'

'Say they aught of us
'In the Aſſyrian camp?'

'That

' That ye approach,
' And even now are here.'

' Seem they compos'd,
' And ſeriouſly reſolv'd to make us rue
' A deed ſo bold?'

' The terror of thy arms
' Is great amongſt them, and ſo much they dread
' To meet thy Perſian files, that ev'ry tongue
' Turns prophet, and foretels their overthrow.'

' Prepare they to receive us?'

' Three whole days
' Have been conſum'd in ordering their force,
' And practiſing menœuvres for the fight.

' Who bears the chief command?'

' Crœſus the chief.

But

'But with him are engag'd two others, one
'A Greek, the other a young Mede, who fled,
'If common fame be true, from thee.'

'My friends,'
Exclaim'd the Prince, diſſembling, 'that falſe youth
'Araſpes, who when I rebuk'd him fl d,
'Diſdaining admonition, and now turns
'His arms againſt his country, and his friend.
'Ye know I lov'd him, and he h d a ſoul
'Ere this diſgrace of prime nobility.
''Twas full of bravery, and great exploit,
'So duly temper'd, and ſo finely caſt
'In Virtue's mould, it had her very form
'And perfect image. Should ſucceſs be our's,
'Let no man's ſword be pointed at his breaſt.
'Take him alive, and let him live for ever,
'To curſe the torment of eternal ſhame.
'Take hence the pris'ners. Little time remains,
'My brave companions. We muſt act, not ſpeak.

'Yet if there be who wiſhes to be heard,
'Say on.'

Then Artabazus with grave look
Thus to the Prince began. 'I told thee, Sir,
'That forward younker had a traitor's heart.
'He hated me, becauſe I mark'd his ways,
'And would have ſham'd him to a better courſe.
'I ſaid he would deſert, and on my ſoul
'I think it were but prudent to demur,
'And weigh the danger of immediate fight,
'Forſook by one who could betray our ſtrength.
''Twere not amiſs perhaps to pauſe awhile,
'I will not ſay 'twere ſimple to retreat.'

'What,' ſaid the Prince, diſpleaſure in his look,
'Shall we retreat and meaſure back our ſteps
'In ſuch unmanly mood? I grant he knew
'And could inform them of our utmoſt ſtrength.
'But why, our ſtrength being known, ſhould we deſpair,

'And

'And think the glorious Gods will lefs befriend us?
'I muft confefs, it is my earneft wifh
'To join immediate battle, ere the foe
'Collects more force. If wifer heads diffent,
'Let me this once be by myfelf advis'd.
'Hence with deliberation that obtrudes
'Thus on our councils. Dare be young again.
'Take up thy fword, and by activity
'And vigorous affault, let it be faid,
'We won the day. I am afham'd to fee
'A fingle traitor has fuch weight to turn
'And blunt the edge of thy afpiring. What!
'Shall we retreat with fortune at our heels?
'Shall we be gone, and tell our countrymen
'That when all Afia could not ftay our march
'And turn us back, we fled and were fubdued
'By our own womanifh fears? Give me my fword.
'I will alone fet on. And were there left
'Enough of day, I would not covet reft

'Till death had purchas'd me a glorious grave,
'Or Lydia's king were captive at my feet.'

'Nor I,' exclaim'd Hyſtaſpas, 'for to fall
'With one ſo noble were to die a God.
'What were it then to conquer and to live?
'I hate this cautious, pigeon-hearted fool,
'Who noſes danger as the carrion fowl
'Purſues the carcaſe. 'Tis his proper food.
'He hunts it all the day with eager ſcent,
'And ever finds it where it never was.
'Who ſeconds him? Friends, let us ſound retreat.
'Aſſyria comes and there's and a ſmell of blood.
'Hark! let us hide. How terribly their ſwords
'Blaze in the ſun! We ſhall be all conſum'd
'Like flax before the fire. What, ſilent all?
'Muſt Artabazus and myſelf alone
'Retreat, and tell the ſtory of our loſs?
'One is enough. Go, Artabazus. Go,
'Tell them at home how headſtrong and perverſe

' Our army was, and how, the foe at hand,
' Of ten times twenty thousand who advanc'd,
' None had the prudence to retreat but thee.
' Go, and be speedy, or I'll first be there,
' With tidings of a glorious victory
' Shall make thee die for envy.'

Loud applause
Cut short his speech. Then Artabazus bow'd
And 'gan apologize, but none would hear.
His tongue was silenc'd with a gen'ral hiss.

The Prince proceeded. ' Then depart, my friends
' Each to his station. When the heralds sound
' Move gently on. We must extend our march,
' Till we have pass'd this hill and reach'd the plain.
' There we'll refresh us and prepare for war.'

The crowd disperses and the heralds sound.
The foremost host to right and left divide

And paſs the hill, which as they paſs it ſeems
A floating iſle. But never iſle was waſh'd
By ſuch a fearful ſea as paſs'd that hill,
A ſea of men and armour, ſpears and ſhields,
Horſe-men and chariots, and ſlow-moving tow'rs,
Frowning diſtreſs and miſchief. On they march,
And, paſt the utmoſt border of the plain,
Give what remains of day to food and reſt.

Scarce had they halted when report arrives
A pow'r of horſe were galloping the plain.
Before the reſt a ſmaller force, who ſeem'd
By their much ſpeed ſent forward to diſlodge
Some Perſian horſe, upon a riſing ground
Juſt ſtation'd. 'Go Chryſantas, ſaid the Prince,
'Take thirty horſemen and ſupport our friends.
'Hyſtaſpas follow with a thouſand more
'And watch the motions of the greater force.
'Should they in haſte retreat, purſue them not,
'Leſt they beguile thee to an ambuſcade.

'If any come, and with extended arms
'Promiſe ſurrender, bring them home in peace.'

Then came a ſtranger to the Prince's tent,
And brought him notice that two thouſand horſe,
Revolted from the foe, without the camp
Wait his commands. They were the Suſian force
By Abradates led, whoſe captive Queen
Remains a pris'ner in Araſpes' tent.

'Receive them kindly,' ſaid the Prince well-pleas'd,
'The noble captive has fulfil'd her word.
'Go to the King. Conduct him to his Queen.
'I would not interrupt a moment's joy
'So well deſerv'd.'

He ſaid, and to the King
Pheraulas haſten'd, told the Prince's words,
And led him forward to Panthea's tent.
He with impatience follow'd, took his leave,

And rufh'd into the tent with longing eyes,
Eager to hold the treafure he had loft.
She with a mufe's eye reclining fat,
And thought of Abradates. Hope and fear
Alternately poffefs'd her troubled heart.
She never flept but Abradates came,
She never wak'd but he was abfent ftill.
She thought it long, yet knew he would revolt,
And therefore deem'd fome froward accident
Had difappointed his intended march.
So when the King with tranfport in his looks
Enter'd her tent, fhe thought it was not truth,
But all a vifion. Yet fhe rofe and ran,
She threw her arms about him, and exclaim'd!
'My Abradates! Do I wake or fleep?
'Art thou my Abradates?'

'Yes, I am,
'And thou art my Panthea,' faid the King,
'Once more reftor'd.'

'And

'And do I once again
'Embrace my Abradates? Gracious Gods!'

'Yes, we are once more met,' replied the King,
'Nor did I think there was fo fweet an hour
'In all the train of time. Why weeps my love?
'Sorrow fo prodigal—I would have faid
'Better became the painful adverfe hour,
'But thou haft taught my ftubborn eye to melt
'And play the child. Come, come, look up and
'fmile.
'To figh and fob fhall be thy lot no more.
'Speak, let me hear thee fpeak. How haft thou
'done?'

'Never fo ill, but that this happy hour
'Is more than recompence for all.'

'My care,'
Said Abradates, 'was not for myfelf,

'’Twas

'’Twas all for thee. For never ſleep oppreſs'd
'My weary eye-lids, till I heard from hence
'Cyrus was good and my Panthea ſafe.
'Judge of my grief, what bitter pains I felt,
'When after haſty marches we return'd,
'And I was eager to behold my love
'Never ſo long from Abradates' ſide,
'Since firſt we wedded, ſunder'd – judge, I ſay,
'What miſery was mine, to find my tent
'Stript of its treaſure, and Panthea loſt.
'How did I rave? How madly did I curſe
'The fatal hour that brought thee to the field!
'And yet methought the mighty Gods were good
'And would reſtore thee. For the pious ſoul
'Is ever intimate with Heav'n above,
'And may with happy confidence foretell
'Its own proſperity. But ſay, Panthea,
'How haſt thou done the while?

Th'

'Th' indulgent Prince,'
Replied Panthea with a ſmile of love,
'Gave me protection, and in honeſt truth
'I felt all happineſs that could be mine,
'Alone and from thee ſunder'd. I was free,
'And ſhould not have known ſorrow, but that *there*
'Where Abradates is not at my ſide,
'There is a void and vacancy in bliſs
'Which none but he can fill.'

'To ſuffer pain,'
Rejoin'd the King, 'to ſorrow and be ſad
'Is half the buſineſs of the life of man.
'Summer and winter are in all we feel.
'To-day we riot and are drunk with joy,
'Gay as the inſect floating in the ſun.
'To-morrow loſs o'ertakes us. Silent grief
'Gnaws at the heart and ſhowers at the eye.
'Diſtreſs conſumes us, we are ſick with care,
'And laſt of all, to fill our paſſion up,

'Comes

'Comes the cold ſnow and wither'd branch of ag
'There are who live and ev'ry day ſome new,
'Some grievous change experience. 'Tis not ou
'Alone to ſuffer or to ſuffer moſt.
'What then becomes us like a mind compos'd
'And ever patient come what fortune will.
'I joy to think Panthea could be glad
'Tho' ſever'd from me. It improves her charms.
''Tis virtue and 'tis lovely. What avails
'A ſparkling eye and the heart-winning ſmile
'Of beauty and benevolence divine
'In one fair face united, if behind
'A veil ſo admirable dwells a ſoul
'Untemper'd and in virtue unimprov'd?
'Virtue alone can give eternal charms.
'But beauty without virtue is a roſe
'Which bloſſoms in a deſert, fades away
'Never regarded, and its fragrance waſtes
'Upon the heedleſs air.'

'O Abradates,

' O Abradates,
' Thy words remind me,' ſaid the happy Queen,
' Of days once ſeen and pleaſures paſt and gone.
' Such was thy converſation as we walk'd
' At early eve, or under hawthorn ſat,
' To court the frugal beam of the pale moon.
' My heart was raviſh'd, and my thirſty ear
' Drank pureſt ſatisfaction. O my love,
' How often have I that day call'd to mind
' (And never can the lapſe of time deface
' The recollection of it) when we firſt
' Acknowledg'd love and interchang'd affection.
' Did I not tell thee I eſteem'd thee much,
' Yet would not be a Queen. For I was meek,
' And nature made me for the quiet ſhade.
' 'Twas painful to me if a ſingle eye
' Obſerv'd my actions; how could I ſupport
' The gaze of thouſands? If my burning cheek
' Glow'd with ſuch ardor when no ſoul was near,
' How would it ſhame me in a crowded court?

' I told

'I told thee I was fond of rural ſcenes,
'Of woods and ſolitude and lonely vales.
'I never lov'd the tumult of reſort,
'Moſt happy, when leaſt ſeen, and not endow'd
'By parſimonious nature with ſuch charms
'As pleaſe the gen'ral eye. How did thy tongue
'Flatter my virtues and excuſe my faults?
'How didſt thou praiſe me that I lov'd retreat?
'How often didſt thou promiſe I ſhould live
'In woods and ſolitude and lonely vales?
'The world ſhould ſeldom ſee me, I ſhould ſtray
'O'er hills and valleys, dales and flow'ry meads,
'With no one to attend me but thyſelf.
'No obſtacle reluctant doubt propos'd
'But love remov'd it. Thus compell'd to yield,
'I ſigh'd aſſent, and am not ſorry yet.'

'Yes, I remember,' Abradates ſaid,
'The ten years ſiege it coſt me to ſubdue
'Panthea's heart. How many ſtratagems,

'How

' How many arts was I oblig'd to learn
' To win this little Troy! 'Twas won at laſt,
' And amply recompenc'd the long delay.
' And I remember with what pure delight,
' No longer royal, we forſook the world
' And ſought retirement in the ſhady vale.
' Oft have I thought of thoſe delicious hours
' We ſpent together, walking arm in arm,
' As modeſt Evening with her virgin moon
' Softly advanc'd and put her veil aſide.
Under the ſilent hedge-row then we pauſ'd,
' To count the ſtarry hoſt, or ſoar'd aloft
Upon the gentle wing of contemplation
To the pure regions of eternal day.
' And ſometimes would Panthea deign a ſong
' Of ſofteſt Doric mood, pure ſtrain of love,
' Sweet without art, till my delighted ſenſe
' With tranſport thrill'd, and Nature, to the ſoul
' In concord ever and ſweet uniſon,
' Put on a lovely univerſal ſmile.

' Then

'Then firſt in vain the love-lorn nightingale
'Warbled her liquid notes, ſweet melody,
'That Heav'n's own ear might hear nor diſregard.
'While I ſat arbiter ſhe could not pleaſe,
'She could not be attended —Gracious Gods!
'I grow a prater, and my haſty tongue
'Has been beguil'd to let my words eſcape
'Before they have receiv'd the ſtamp of ſenſe
'To make them current. O my ſoul's delight,
'I feel ſuch pleaſure from this interview
'That I am ſcarce myſelf. How haſtily
The ruddy ſun retreats, aſham'd to ſtay
'And hear a ſoldier ſpend his time in words.
'Let us be talking of events to come.
'To-morrow, as I hear, the Perſian Prince
'Gives Crœſus battle. Near two thouſand horſe
'Revolted with me, veterans well-tried.
With theſe I would be foremoſt in the field,
'And by ſome effort ſhew my gratitude
'For his good-will to thee.'

'Yes,

'Yes, he is good,'
Replied Panthea, 'and deſerves thy zeal.
'He makes the fearful captive bleſs his chains,
'And think his dungeon a wide world of joy.
'His deeds are all humane, and his great ſoul
'Is ſo divinely temper'd, he commands
'Love univerſal. He is more than Man.
'Perhaps ſome God deſcended from above
'To puniſh Babylon. At leaſt the friend
'Of all the Gods, the miniſter of Heav'n.
'Yet tho' his heart is tender and humane,
'To danger, labor, and the loſs of reſt,
'He is a man of iron. Fame reports
'He never ſleeps, but, like the Cynoſure,
'Thro' day and night keeps watch perpetual.
'His vigilance indeed ſurpaſſes thought,
'And when he reſts he makes the Earth his bed,
'The Heav'ns his canopy. He looks on gold
'Without deſire, and all his luxury
'The open field or running brook ſupplies.

'War is his meat and victory his drink.
'To quell a tyrant and redeem a ſlave
'Is his high feaſt. And ſuch the boundleſs love
'His army bears him, that no inſect prince
'Queen of the politic unanimous hive
'Was ever ſerv'd more truly. They have borne
'Twelve days and nights almoſt inceſſant march,
'And not a murmur in their tents is heard.'

'I long to ſee him,' ſaid the King amaz'd,
'To hear him ſpeak and wonder at his words.
'How ſhall I find his tent? Yet ere the ſun
'Hides his warm viſage in the glowing weſt
'I muſt converſe with him.'

'And muſt we part,'
Panthea cried, 'ſo ſoon? I have not ſaid
'Half I had purpos'd. My unwearied tongue
'Could talk till midnight and leave much untold.
'I have not ſeen thee many many days,

'And

‘ And ev’ry moment I have ſpent alone
‘ Affords ſome ſtory worthy to be told.
‘ Yet I will not delay thee. Woman’s tongue
‘ Can make a tale of nothing. Seek the Prince,
‘ Thank him, and do him ſervice.’

‘ Gentle heart,’
Replied the King, ‘ to hear thy charming tongue
‘ Relate the ſtory of our ſad divorce
‘ Would never weary my attentive ear,
‘ Tho’ ev’ry moment had a ſeparate tale
‘ Long as the day. But Cyrus is my friend,
‘ To him I owe this happy interview,
‘ And I muſt do him ſervice. Shall we feaſt
‘ And never think of him who ſpreads the board?
‘ ’Tis hard to leave thee, and I go with pain.
‘ Perhaps I may return ere evening cloſe.
‘ Expect me. Can I miſs the Prince’s tent?’

‘ My ſervant ſhall conduct thee. Go with ſpeed,
‘ With ſpeed return. Remember I expect thee.
‘ Meantime my table ſhall be ſtrew'd with food,
‘ And I invite thee as a welcome gueſt,
‘ Indeed moſt welcome: welcome as the dawn
‘ To a loſt trav'ler, as the quiet port
‘ To the wind-beaten ſeaman, as ſweet health
‘ To one long ſick, as hearing to the deaf,
‘ Eyes to the blind, and plenty to the poor.’

She ended, ſhed one tear, and gave a kiſs
By him requeſted, by her not refus'd.
He with reluctance, ſtealing one kind look
And yet another, from the tent withdrew.

AS thus Panthea and the Sufian King
In converfation fat, while yet the fun
Hung high in Heav'n, and from his weftern throne
Smil'd mellow grateful day, to Cyrus' tent
Chryfantas and Hyftafpas from the field
Return fuccefsful. Of the thirty horfe
Who fped fo furioufly, not one efcap'd.
They all furrender'd ere a fword was drawn.
' And fee among the reft,' Chryfantas cried,
' A fearlefs traitor.' 'Twas the lovelorn Mede,
The brave Arafpes. From his feat of ftate
Started the Prince with countenance of joy,
Met him half way, and welcom'd his return.

‘ What,’ ſaid Hyſtaſpas, ‘ was he falſe for this?
‘ By Heav’n methinks it is as ſtrange a deed
‘ As were the moon to wander from her courſe
‘ And kiſs the earth.’

‘ Be not ſurpriz’d, my friends,’
Replied the Prince, ‘ Araſpes is no foe.
‘ He fled indeed, and fled at ſuch an hour
‘ ’Twas well ſuppos’d he left us in diſguſt.
‘ Myſelf adviſ’d it ere our march began;
‘ And all the purpoſe of our preſent pauſe,
‘ Was that Araſpes might perceive us near,
‘ And bring us notice of the foe’s intent,
‘ His ſtrength and order. I ſhould elſe have march’d,
‘ And tried the courage of Belſhazzar’s hoſt
‘ With inſtantaneous battle. Join your hands,
‘ Forgive and be forgiven. Now, brave youth,
‘ For day declines apace, briefly relate
‘ The number of the foe and whence they come.’

Ye

‘ Ye know,’ replied the youth, ‘ the Lydian king
‘ Had endleſs treaſures. Proud Belſhazzar too
‘ Was heir to all the wealth his grandſire won
‘ From Egypt and Jeruſalem. Vaſt ſums
‘ Have been by both expended, to buy friends
‘ To fight for Babylon. The warlike ſtates
‘ Who live upon the fam’d Ægean ſhore
‘ Along the Euxine to the Caſpian wave,
‘ Are all in arms. Thrace has unſheath’d the ſword.
‘ Cyprus has paſs’d the waters. Egypt comes,
‘ And all the weſtern nations far as he,
‘ The great Chaldean Monarch, led his hoſt
‘ Triumphant. Araby is rous’d, and brings
‘ Horſemen of fury, chariots ſwift as wind,
‘ And foot innum’rous as the deſert ſand.
‘ I ſaw the remnant of the Tyrian force,
‘ Who coſt the victor ſo much pains to win
‘ Their ſea-girt capital. I ſaw the pow’rs
‘ Of mercantile Phœnicia, cloth’d in gold.
‘ I ſaw the Lydian and Aſſyrian hoſts

'Swarm round their kings in ſumptuous liveries,
'Thicker than ſtars about the throne of Heav'n.
'None could inform me what the numbers were
'Thus met together. Truſt me, they are great.
'I think as far as eye can judge'——

He paus'd.

'As many as our own?' rejoin'd the Prince.

'More than as many more,' replied the youth.
'I think the man who counts them will not find
'Leſs than four hundred thouſand. Their whole horſe
'Are ſixty thouſand, all the reſt are foot.
'I mark'd them well, and with a ſoldier's eye
'Obſerv'd their order, for the credulous king
'Believ'd my ſtory and advanc'd me high.
'I was the third in honor, and myſelf
'The chief adviſer of their preſent plans.'

'Tell us their order then,' enjoin'd the Prince.

'All



‘ All but the ſons of Egypt,’ ſaid the youth,
‘ In one extended line approach, and ſtretch
‘ From eaſt to weſt five miles, compact and firm
‘ And thirty ranks in depth. Both horſe and foot
‘ Are rang’d alike, the horſe on either wing,
‘ The foot toward the centre. Full in front
‘ Stand the Egyptians, with their monſtrous ſhields
‘ From head to foot, ſhort ſwords, and dazzling ſpears;
‘ One hundred twenty thouſand choſen men
‘ In twelve diviſions of ten thouſand each,
‘ Ev’ry diviſion rank’d in perfect ſquare,
‘ That ev’ry ſide preſents an hundred faces.
‘ Such was the mode their anceſtors approv’d.
‘ ’Twas Crœſus’ wiſh to have improv’d their plan,
‘ And ſtretch’d th’ Egyptian army, like his own,
‘ ’Till his whole hoſt had ſtood in thirty lines;
‘ That if thy Perſians fell upon his front
‘ There he might yield, while his two wings advanc’d
‘ And clos’d upon thy rear. But they perſiſt,
‘ To ancient cuſtom bigoted, nor ſeem
‘ Of aught ambitious but ſecurity.’

He

He ended, and deep ſilence reign'd o'er all,
'Till Cyrus, looking ſternly round, began.

' Are ye diſmay'd, my friends? Where is the gay
' The cheerful ſunſhine that few moments paſt
' Enliven'd ev'ry countenance I ſaw?
' So ſoon eclips'd and overcaſt with clouds
' Of weak and childiſh apprehenſion? What,
' Can ye forget, that he who leads the foe
' Has been already once repuls'd with loſs?
' Is it not Crœſus, whom we fought before
' At wond'rous odds, yet drove him from the field?
' He had an army then, whoſe ſwarming foot
' Were more in number than our army now
' Take horſe and foot together. Yet beſides,
' He had four hundred chariots, and fleet horſe
' Full ſixty thouſand. We were few and weak,
' Our horſe one third, our total foot half his,
' And not a chariot ſeen in all our ranks.
' Yet we engag'd him, and the day was won.

' We

' We fought it bravely, the Aſſyrian fell,
' Conqueſt was our's, confuſion was the foe's.
' And ſhall we fear him when he comes again,
' Bearing in mind that he was once repuls'd
' By numbers more unequal ? Shall we not
' Aſſault him rather with augmented fire,
' Remembring how he fled and we purſued ?
' Immortal Gods, if ye ſo quake with fear
' To think of Crœſus and the tyrant King
' Thus coming, with what terror had ye ſhook
' Had ye been born ſupporters of their cauſe,
' And ſuch an army as our own approach'd
' To give you battle ? Say, we are Aſſyrians.
' And lo ! where Cyrus comes, the fiery boy,
' Who beat us ſoundly when we fought him laſt
' And longs to fight again. Flying he comes
' Elate with victory and ſtrong with toil.
' Shall we oppoſe him ? Grant, that we are many,
' He too is num'rous, and he conquer'd then
' When we engag'd a lion to a lamb.

Shall

' Shall we prevail if we engage him now
' A lion to a lion? Mark his horſe
' Cloth'd to the ears in armour. See his lines
' Of hardy Perſians, ſince we fought him laſt
' Doubled, and more than doubled by ten thouſand.
' Who foils a Perſian? Are they not all flint,
' All ſteel and iron to the very heart?
' Look at his troop of camels. Call to mind
' That nature 'twixt the camel and the horſe
' Put ſtrange antipathy. Diſpatch but one,
' A million horſe ſhall not abide the fight.
' Look at his chariots. Can ye count their wheels?
' Yet ev'ry axle-tree is hid with ſcythes
' As Death were come to make the world his harveſt,
' And theſe his ſturdy miniſters ſtood up
' To ſweep away an empire in a breath.
' Look at his tow'rs, with ſkilful archers fill'd,
' Who ſit above like Gods, and from on high
' Govern the fortune of the war below.
' Conſider this, my friends, and let me aſk

'Is there among you who preſumes to think
'Our cauſe is deſperate? If ſuch there be,
'Let him forſake us, and ſupport thoſe arms
'He trembles to oppoſe. The man who fears
'May do his country ſervice by deſertion.'

'Think not, moſt worthy Prince,' Chryſantas ſaid,
'Our looks are clouded with the gloom of fear.
''Tis ſtedfaſt reſolution knits the brow.
'It ill becomes us to be briſk and gay
'At ſuch an awful ſeaſon. The great work
'We undertake, had need diſpel our ſmiles
'And make us grave and ſerious. When 'tis done
'We will be merry. 'Twill be wiſe to laugh
'When we have waded thro' a ſea of blood,
'And landed ſafe upon the ſhore of peace;
'When Babylon is fall'n and Lydia won,
'And all the wealth and plenty of the Eaſt,
'Her riches, flocks and herds, her corn and fruits,
Reward our perſeverance. For myſelf

'(And

‘ (And I dare anſwer ’tis the voice of all)
‘ I long to plunge into the roaring flood.
‘ It ſhall not grieve me, if to win for thee
‘ I paſs a torrent fiercer than the Nile
‘ And as her deluge wide.’

‘ ’Tis nobly ſaid,’
Exclaim’d Hyſtaſpas, ‘ and when tyrants bleed,
‘ And juſtice is the cauſe our arms ſupport,
‘ Who fears to dip his foot, to march knee deep,
‘ To travel ſhoulder high, to ſwim in blood ?
‘ Lead us, great prince, into the jaws of death.
‘ War is our paſtime. We have labor’d long,
‘ Retreating, talking, and returning. Now
‘ Let’s play awhile with axes, ſcythes, and ſpears.’

In ſuch impatient mood Hyſtaſpas ſpoke,
And rous’d new ardor in the liſt’ning crowd.
More he had ſaid, but Abradates came,
Led by Pheraulas, who with lofty voice

Announc'd the Susian king. No tongue is heard.
All eyes are turn'd to gaze. The crowd divides.
The king approaches, and the prince descends.
With gracious smile he took the monarch's hand,
And bade him welcome to the Persian tents.

He bow'd, and thank'd him. 'And, believe me
'Sir,'
He said with swimming eyes, 'I had been here
'Much sooner to have thank'd thee, for thy care
'Of one most dear to me, my captiv'd queen,
'But lur'd by conversation ever lov'd,
'And once again permitted when I thought
''Twas ceas'd for ever, I have wasted time,
'And been more tardy than a soldier should.
'The hour may come, when Cyrus shall be won,
'And feel what 'tis to have a faithful wife.
'He will forgive me then, nor think it much
'That, in the raptures of unhop'd for joy,

'I staid

'I ſtaid ſo long a pris'ner to my love,
'And am ſcarce here at laſt.'

'Yes, I forgive,'
Said Cyrus, kindly, 'and ſhould pardon ſtill
'Had love detain'd thee to the cloſe of day.
''Tis my delight to ſee my pris'ners happy.
'Panthea's eyes have ſhed an age of tears,
'A day of joy were little in return.'

'She thanks thee, and I thank thee,' ſaid the king,
'But thanks alone can never half expreſs
'How much I am oblig'd. Make me thy friend,
'Thy ſoldier, and thy ſervant. A few horſe,
'The little ſtrength of my exhauſted ſtate,
'Revolted with me. They are few but brave.
'Appoint us to ſome arduous enterprize,
'I'll ſhew thee how I thank thee by my deeds'.

'I love thee for thy zeal,' replied the prince,
'But Mercy has no debt. She ſpends her own,
'And her unfailing bounty pays itſelf.
'Fight with us, and ſupport the Perſian arms.
'To undertake an arduous enterprize
'Is more than I deſire. We now conſult,
'And plan the buſineſs of to-morrow's fight.
'Sit down and hear. An honorable poſt
'Shall be aſſign'd thee. Of the num'rous foe
'We aſk thee nothing, for this noble youth,
'Lately return'd, reported all we need.'

'I know his face,' the ſtartled king replied,
'And know he could inform you more than I,
'For he was Crœſus' moſt regarded friend,
'And intimate adviſer.'

'Hear me then,'
Proceeded Cyrus, 'my deſerving friends,
'This be the order of to-morrow's march.

'Commanders of ten thouſands range your pow'rs
'Twelve men in depth, and form one equal line.
'On the right wing Chryſantas lead thy horſe.
'Lead the ſame force, Hyſtaſpas, on the left.
'Commanders of the foot, let ſuch as ſhine
'In ſuits of proof be ſtation'd in the front,
'To brave the onſet; behind theſe the ſpearmen
'To uſe their weapons at due diſtance; laſt
'Our ſkilful archers, not too far remov'd,
To ſhow'r their arrows with ſucceſs. Then march
Our light-arm'd forces, ſuch as we reſerve
'For unforeſeen occaſion, and let theſe
'The fearful animate, and cheer the faint;
'And tell them if a ſoldier turns to fly,
'He muſt be deem'd his country's enemy,
'And put to inſtant death. To thy command,
'King Abradates, I ſubmit my towers.
'Range them in order cloſe behind the lines,
'To be their refuge and ſupport. Dauchus,
'And you, Carduchus, form a double line,

'And

' And follow Abradates; let your wains
'. Of baggage and provifion have large room,
' That if they mean to compafs us about,
' Their line, extended to its utmoft ftrength,
' May be as feeble as a hoop of air.
' Behind the wains lead Artagerfas laft
' Two thoufand foot, and the fmall troop of camels.
' Pharnuchus, Afiadátas, be his guard
' With each a thoufand horfe, and ready ftand
' Both horfe and foot for fome immediate effort.
' Commanders of the chariots, take an helm,
' And he whom Fortune to the tafk appoints
' Shall in the front one hundred chariots lead,
' To charge upon the deep Egyptian files.
' The two remaining hundreds of our chariots
' Be rang'd in two divifions on our flanks,
' One to the left, the other to the right.
' And let them be in readinefs to charge
' As foon as we command. Now take your lots.'

 ' Great

‘ Great prince,’ ſaid Abradates kneeling, ‘ grant,
‘ ’Tis my moſt ardent wiſh, that I may lead
‘ Thoſe chariots.’

‘ Generous heroic king!
‘ No,’ ſaid the prince, ‘ ſuch valour is too dear
‘ To be oppos’d to ſo much danger.’

‘ Grant,
‘ At leaſt,’ ſaid Abradates, ‘ I may court
‘ Fortune’s deciſion, and be bound to act
‘ As chance determines. Let me try my lot.

‘ Muſt I permit thee? then abide thy fate,’
Replied the prince, ‘ and Fortune anſwer nay.
‘ Now ſhake. ’Tis fall’n to Abradates. Friends,
‘ Let it be thrown again.’

‘ No, on thy word,’
Said Abradates, ‘ I embrace my lot,

‘ Thrice

'Thrice happy to have won the poſt I ſought.
'Permit me one thing more. Let my own friends
'People the chariots neareſt to myſelf.
'I can rely upon their ſtricteſt faith,
'And will aſſiſt thee much.'

'Granted,' he cried,
'And good ſucceſs attend on thee and them.
'Now to your tents. The ſun has long been ſet,
'And the clear evening-ſtar withdraws apace.
'Look to your armour, and take early reſt.
'Before day breaks, be up, and feed your ſteeds,
'Harneſs the tow'rs and chariots, and make ready.
'When light o'ertakes us, and the riſing ſun
'Looks thro' the woody ſkirt of yon dark hill,
'We will begin our march.'

So ſaid the prince.
None waited to reply, but to their tents
All ſilently departed. To his queen

Went Abradates with no tardy foot.
Liſt'ning with expectation, long ſhe ſat,
And wiſh'd the weary ling'ring hours away.
She ſcarce believ'd ſhe had beheld the king,
So ſoon he went, ſo long he had been gone.
O mighty Love, how wonderful thy pow'r
To make the durance of a life ſeem ſhort,
Or fill a moment with an age of pain!
Once more the king returns, and ſee them now
With hearts at eaſe, both ſeated at the board.
Feed on, O happy pair, make much of time,
And loſe no moment, for the ſun of joy
Is faſt declining, never more to riſe.

ALL night was heard throughout the Perſian camp
The diſmal ſound of hammers mending ſhields
Helmets and armour, of the grinding-ſtone
Wearing the edge of axes, ſwords and ſpears,
Arrows and ſcythes. And now the hungry ſteeds
Neigh at their cribs, and trample as they feed,
The ſound of harneſs rattling in their ears.
Day dawns, and ev'ry ſoldier quits his couch.
Then Abradates roſe, and look'd abroad.
'My arms,' he cried, 'who brings my arms? why 'ſtand
'My ſteeds unharneſs'd, and my chariot idle?
'Make ready, ſoldiers; ſhall we be the laſt
'To take our ſtations in the glorious field?'

Panthea follow'd, and withheld his arm,
Now putting on the armour he put off,
Tarnifh'd with age and fervice. 'Stay a while,'
She faid, intreating, 'for the field to-day
'Let me equip thee.' With light tripping foot
She difappear'd, and to the hero brought
A fuit of purple wrought by her own hand,
With bracers, bracelets, and a helm of gold
Waving with hyacinth. Such was the work
She oft had meditated, long defign'd
Tho' late perform'd, fcarce finifh'd when he came.
He, with her bounty pleas'd, admiring ftood
Full of unutterable love. At length,
'And has Panthea with a pilf'rer's hand
'Plunder'd herfelf,' he faid, 'in care for me?
'I gave thee gold to ornament thyfelf.'

'I have beftow'd it where it moft becomes me.
'Thou,' faid Panthea, 'art my ornament,
'Adorning thee I decorate myfelf.'

She ſaid, and cloth'd him in the ſplendid ſuit,
Tears of affection trickling from her eye.
She ſtrove to hide them, but the hero ſaw,
And full of pity ſpoke. 'Why weeps my love?
'Be comforted, and let me kiſs away
'Thoſe graceful drops. Be cheerful, gentle heart.
'Oh! why ſo ſad? I pray thee, weep no more,
'Thy tears unman me, and my conquer'd heart
'Has nothing noble or aſpiring in it.'

She wip'd her eyes and ceas'd. She took his hand
And thus addreſs'd him. 'Suffer not my tears,
'Dear Abradates, to ſubdue thy heart.
''Tis true they are the tears of warmeſt love,
'Yet be they not regarded. 'Tis my wiſh
'Thou wouldſt be eminent, and ſerve the Prince
'By ſome great effort of eternal fame.
'I'd rather die than meet with thee again
'Ingloriouſly repuls'd. The Prince deſerves
'All thy exertion, to my wretched ſelf

'Ever

'Ever indulgent, bountiful and good.
'I was his prey, his captive and his ſlave,
'Yet was I honor'd as the Suſian Queen,
'And treated kindly as a brother's wife.
'And when Araſpes, as I told thee, fled,
'Reprov'd by Cyrus for his guilty love,
'I promis'd Abradates ſhould revolt,
'And ſaid he was a man whoſe warlike deeds
'Would amply recompence Araſpes' flight.
'Remember this, and be the God of war.'

'O mighty Jupiter,' exclaim'd the King,
'This day ſupport me in the toilſome field,
'And make me worthy of Panthea's love,
'And Cyrus' friendſhip.'

Rumbling to the door
That moment came his chariot, yet unarm'd,
And with its ſcythes unfurniſh'd. Sight more grand
No mortal eye had ſeen. 'Twas gold within

And

And gold without. The charioteer was gold,
And held the reins of eight impetuous ſteeds,
Cover'd with golden armour. At that ſight
The King no longer tarried. One ſweet kiſs
He took, and mounted. From the charioteer
Now he receives the reins, and takes his ſeat
On glorious deeds determin'd. At his ſide,
Cloſe to the chariot-wheel Panthea ſtood,
Sadly regarding and approving all.
She waited for a tender farewell look,
Nor waited long in vain. That look obtain'd,
She kiſs'd the chariot, and it mov'd away.
By ſtrong attraction drawn, with fearful foot,
And eyes that ſwam with delicate diſtreſs,
She follow'd. Abradates turn'd and ſaw.
Pity ſtole down his cheek. He wav'd his hand.
She knew the ſignal, and in tears withdrew.
Then was the pow'r of beauty, unadorn'd
Save with its own attractions, felt by all.
Eight fiery ſteeds capariſon'd in gold,

A gorgeous

A gorgeous chariot, princely charioteer,
And over all a King magnificent
In floating purple and a helm of gold,
Drew no attention. Ev'ry eye was fix'd
On her who follow'd, and as ſhe withdrew
All eyes purſued.

At length the riſing ſun
In blood appears, and thro' the mountain ſkirts
Looks with a fiery aſpect. Hark! the horn.
It ſounds the ſignal, and the army moves,
Cyrus before them on his prancing ſteed,
Both ſteed and Prince in poliſh'd armour cloth'd
Purple and braſs. See how his burning ſhield
Glares in the morning ſun, his milk-white creſt
Superbly nods, and his extended ſword
Dazzles the eye. Behind him ſee his Perſians,
Two thouſand horſe for ſome eſpecial act
Reſerv'd, and cloth'd in armour like the Prince,

Save

Save that his ſhining treble poliſh'd arms
Blaze with unequal'd ſplendor bright as flame.

Then was the awful moment, when from Heav'n
God ſent his Angel, that deſtroying ſpirit
Whoſe ſingle arm at Hezekiah's pray'r
Fought with Sennacherib, and ſlew a hoſt
Innumerous as Autumn's falling leaf
In the ſhort compaſs of a ſummer's night.
In clouds he came that roll'd along the hills,
Making the glory of the morning dim,
And ſolemnly advancing ſeem'd to bear
A load of terrors of unuſual weight.
The army halts. The tempeſt ſeems to pauſe.
That inſtant from his thigh the Angel drew
God's own refulgent ſword. A ſtream of fire
Follow'd the weapon, and a ſhow'r of ſparks
Furiouſly bick'ring lighten'd far and near.
' Go on,' he cried, ' woe to the Lydian King,
' And woe to thee, Belſhazzar.' His loud voice

Shook

Shook utmoſt earth and Heav'n. 'Twas like the ſound
Of ſeven thunders. 'Welcome,' ſaid the Prince,
'Companions, 'tis the ſignal of ſucceſs.
'The Gods are with us, and eternal Jove
'Thunders his promiſe to ſupport us ſtill.'
So ſaying on he led them. Once again
They halt. Again they march. Again they halt.
And now the num'rous enemy appears,
Glitt'ring in arms, his populous wings outſtretch'd
As if he purpos'd to ſurround a world.
Never was ſight more terrible beheld.
Far as the eye could reach to eaſt and weſt
The plain was briſtled with unnumber'd ſpears,
And groan'd and trembled with reſounding hoofs,
The wheels of chariots, and the march of men.

Then from his golden car Belſhazzar look'd,
Deſpis'd his enemy, and thus began.
'Behold, O Crœſus, ſhall a puny foe
'Weak as the army which yon ſtripling leads

'Affright

' Affright and vex us? See how he has ftretch'd
' And thin'd his handful of ambitious friends,
' 'Till they have fcarce the fubftance of a fpear.
' And yet behold him a whole army fhort
' Of our extenfive files at each extreme.
' Shall we engage him? Let us fend, and afk
' What he will give us to redeem his friends.
' Or, if he choofes to abide our wrath,
' Command the centre of our line to halt,
' And let the two extremes advance with fpeed,
' To face about and fting him on the flanks.
' O, we have men enough to march him round,
' To coop the youngfter in a cage of fteel,
' And let him blood at leifure.'

At his word
Crœfus commanded, and the centre paus'd,
If centre we may call it, ftretching wide
From central point, into the eaft two miles,
And two into the weft. The wings advance,

Each a ſufficient hoſt in theſe our days
To over-run a kingdom. Now they halt
And face the flanks of Cyrus, bare of men,
And only guarded by one feeble line
Of unſupported chariots. At that ſight
Cyrus began and travel'd all his ranks,
Infuſing courage, not infus'd in vain.
Before the right wing ſee him, full of hope.
' My friends,' he cries, ' it happens as I wiſh'd.
' Stir not a foot, ye who command in front,
' 'Till Abradates charges on the foe.
' Then follow cloſe, and do the beſt ye can.'
To Abradates next with ſpeed he rode,
And pray'd the King to keep his eye faſt fix'd
Upon the great detachment to the left.
' Soon as they fly, he ſaid, and fly they ſhall,
' Puſh forward, and with ſwift devouring wheels
' Conſume the ranks of Egypt.' To the left
See him now poſting, and with princely air
Exhorting and confirming. ' Friends, he cries,

' Mark

'Mark Abradates. When his chariots move,
'Then is your time. Advance, and fight like men.'
He paſt the line, and turning to the left,
Rode by the chariots ſtation'd on the flank.
'Heroes,' he cried, 'on Artagerſas look,
'And ſoon as ye perceive a ſignal made,
'Puſh on to theſe before you.' Now he turns
And paſſes by the rear. He ſtops and cries,
'Now, Artagerſas and Pharnuchus, mark.
'Soon as ye ſee me, with my choſen horſe
'Yonder aſſembled, gallop from the rear
'And charge upon the party to the right,
'Then to the left advance. With ſpeedy march
'Meet yon detachment. When the foot are fled,
'And the determin'd horſe with fury come,
'Shew them your camels and defeat their ſpeed.
'In their diſorder ſend the chariots on.
'Proceed as fortune bids you and be brave.'

He ſaid, and to begin the dreadful ſtorm,
Flew like an arrow to his choſen force.
'Twas time, for Crœſus had his ſignal giv'n,
And all the armies of the martial foe
Slowly advanc'd. Then momentary dread
Shot thro' the ranks of Cyrus. For what heart,
Not made of ſteel, could look on ſuch a ſcene,
Three armies deep and ſtrong, with countleſs horſe,
Chariots untold, innumerable foot,
Advancing with their weapons drawn to kill,
And not one paſſage open to eſcape——
Who could behold it and not feel afraid?
Deep ſilence reign'd, and not a ſound was heard,
Save the low thunder of approaching files.
But fear was tranſient as the lightning glimpſe,
Not long admitted to a Perſian breaſt.
Courage returns, and ev'ry heart is rous'd,
Hearing the ſound of onſet.

Then the Prince,
Eager to meet his foe, his ſteed provok'd,
And led his choſen with impetuous ſpeed
Shouting encouragement. His foot purſue,
A flying phalanx, ſmall but powerful.
With fury equal to the lion's wrath
He ſtrikes the foe upon his utmoſt flank,
And pours his active foot; a ſwarm of waſps,
Behind him and before. Then o'er the plain
Rumbled the chariots. Artagerſas heard,
And 'gan a dread commotion to the left.
He charg'd the foe, and put his foot to flight,
Shew'd him the camels and confus'd his horſe,
Beckon'd the chariots and purſued him cloſe,
Uproar and rout before him. Then was heard
The voice of Abradates in the front.
' Behold, my friends, on either hand begun
' The glorious battle, and the foe recedes.
' Follow your leader, and with burning wheels
' Mow down the ranks of Egypt.' As he ſpoke

They whip'd their courſers and their chariots flew.
Thunder more dreadful never ſhook the earth.
The King was foremoſt, and the firſt who met
The unarm'd chariots of the foe. They fled
Lighter than foam before the flouncing wave.
Into the files he ruſh'd, a world of ſpears
Thicker than Summer's corn. A thouſand points
Lighten'd at once upon his burniſh'd ſhield.
Uninjur'd he receiv'd them. Unappall'd
He ſhouted and went on. And ſuch his ſpeed
Nor men nor armour could reſiſt the force
Of his deſtroying wheels. An army fell
On either ſide his chariot. Men were ſlain
Faſt as the mower ſhears the meadow graſs
Or upland barley. Never had eye ſeen
Carnage ſo horrible, nor ever ear
Heard ſuch diſturbance. Ev'ry chariot rous'd
Tumult unſpeakable; and ſuch the ſound
Of claſhing armour, ruſhing wheels, and men,
Some clamorous with fear and ſome with rage,

Some

Some howling under chariots, curſing ſome,
And ſome lamenting in the pains of death,
Had God's own thunder bellow'd in their ears
No mortal could have have heard it. See the plain
Cover'd with ruin, ſoldiers and their arms
Cut ſheer aſunder, chariots overturn'd
Smoking in blood, the charioteer thrown out
Bleeding at ev'ry vein, his wounded ſteeds
With mangled harneſs galloping the field
Confounding friends and foes. And now behold
The total line advances. Nations run
To fight with nations, world engages world.
Fearful the blaze of thouſand thouſand ſwords
At once uplifted, horrible the craſh
Of ſhields and helmets batter'd as they fell.
I hear the hiſſing of ten thouſand ſpears
And twice ten thouſand, and ten thouſand more
Brandiſh'd at once. I ſee an iron ſhow'r
Of poliſh'd arrows ſhot into the air.
I ſee the horſemen juſtle, and their helms

At ev'ry ſtroke of the devouring ſword
Sparkle with fire. 'Tis all a roaring ſea
Of tempeſt and confuſion.

But not long
Endur'd the conflict of that perilous day.
God fought, and by his angel vengeance pour'd
Upon the proud Aſſyrian. Who could ſtand
Before Omnipotence? He turn'd and fled,
And not one army of his num'rous friends
Stood to ſupport him, ſave the cumber'd files
Of irritated Egypt. Nobly they
Reſent the ſlaughter of the Suſian King,
And marching firmly, with the Perſians cope.
Unable to withſtand a foe ſo ſtout,
Still preſſing forward, thirſty for revenge,
And cover'd by vaſt ſhields from head to foot,
Perſia retreats. Yet politic in flight,
And ſtill courageous, none deſerts his poſt,
None turns his back. With faces to their foe,

Still they diſtribute death, and ſtill receive,
Retiring ſtep by ſtep. Egypt purſues
With ſteady reſolution, unawares
Drawn into danger while ſhe ſeeks revenge.
For now the towers rain upon her head
Showers of ſteel. The Perſian force, reſerv'd
To rouſe the timorous and cheer the faint,
Stand with drawn ſwords to hinder a retreat,
And death is his who flinches one ſtep more.
The battle is renew'd. The Perſians fight
With death above, behind them, and before.
No choice was there, or to retreat and live,
Or ſtay and periſh. Ev'ry arm muſt ſtrive,
Weary or ſtrong, or be content to fall.
Then had the ſons of Egypt turn'd and fled,
Tho' full of wrath and malice, but the Prince,
Belſhazzar routed, came upon their rear.
Slaughter began anew, and thouſands fell,
For both were obſtinate, and fix'd as rocks.
Inſufferable uproar fill'd their ears,

For loud the voice of exhortation roar'd,
Loud was the cry of anguifh and defpair,
And loud o'er all the clafhing of their arms.
Then was the time when Cyrus' felf had fall'n
If unfupported by the hand of God.
He charg'd with fury on the ftubborn foe.
A bold Egyptian, trampled under foot,
Pierc'd his brave fteed, and threw him to the ground.
Fearful commotion follow'd. Tow'rd the Prince,
Eager to kill or captive, rufh'd at once
A thoufand fierce Egyptians. To defend
And fhield him from their weapons, forward ran
A thoufand vet'ran Perfians. Horrid 'twas
To fee that bloody conteft, and the Prince
Had furely died by the vaft ftorm o'erwhelm'd,
But that the Angel his diftrefs forefaw,
And threw his fhield before him. So, by Heav'n
Invifibly protected, ftill he liv'd,
And all the weapons at his corfelet aim'd
Were aim'd in vain. A foldier from his horfe

Leap'd

Leap'd inſtantly, and held it to his Prince.
He mounted and went on.

Hyſtaſpas now
Returning from purſuit, the foe all fled,
Save the Egyptians, on the left advanc'd,
Chryſantas on the right. That fearful ſight
Egypt endur'd not. Scarce could they ſupport
The joint aſſault of Perſians in the front,
And Perſians in the rear; much leſs ſuſtain
On ev'ry ſide an army, ſtrong with horſe,
And fluſh'd with victory. They ſhrink within,
And, form'd into a globe, unite their ſhields
Above and round about, and hid from ſight
Under a roof of iron, ſquat ſecure.

Cyrus beheld, and bade the herald ſound.
The battle ceas'd. The Angel ſheath'd his ſword,
And went away to Heav'n, thus as he roſe
In bold prophetic language, but unheard

Of ear profane, unfolding time to come.

" Shepherd of God, go on, anointed Prince,
" Perform my pleaſure, and ſubdue my foes.
" I, ſaith the Lord, have girded thee with ſtrength,
" Rais'd thee to glory, and will guide thee ſtill.
" Yes, I will guide thee, tho' a God unknown.
" Go up to Babylon. Her iron bars
" My arm ſhall ſunder, and her brazen gates
" Burſt open. Go, pour vengeance on her head.
" Fill the exhauſted quiver, mend the ſhield,
" Make ſharp the ſword, and give the ſpear a point.
" O curſed Babylon, the King of Kings
" Muſters the hoſt of battle. God has op'd
" His blazing armoury, and Angels bear
" The weapons of his anger. Lo! he comes,
" Midnight about him, clouds and rolling ſmoke,
" His chariot riding on the wings of wind
" Heavy with wrath. His fiery lips are full
" Of grievous indignation, and his breath,

" Devouring flame, consumes his foes before him.
" The sun is darken'd, and the moon eclips'd,
" No constellation shines. His mighty voice
" Roars in the wilderness; the mountains melt,
" And kingdoms perish at the lighting down
" Of his sulphureous arm. Who shall escape?
" The heav'ns are shaken, and the earth removes.
" Daughter of Babylon, come down, come down,
" Sit in the dust, thy glory is no more.
" Tender and delicate, thy throne is lost.
" Go to the mill, become a slave, and grind.
" His whirlwind shall pass thro' thee. Bel shall fall,
" Nebo and Merodach. The living God,
" Who laid the deep foundations of the world,
" Spread out the heav'ns, and scatter'd them with
" stars,
" Sends a destructive besom thro' thy streets,
" And makes a man more precious than the gem
" Dear as the wedge of Ophir. Haughty King,
" The sound of battle thunders at thy gates,

" Thy

" Thy walls are compaſs'd by a roaring ſea,
" Whoſe waves ſhall cover thee. Prepare the feaſt,
" Plant watchmen in the tow'r, eat, drink, and ſleep.
" Ariſe, ye princes, and anoint the ſhield,
" A lion rages at the palace gate.
" The ſword has enter'd Babylon, the ſword
" Devours her multitudes. Her drunken Lords
" Sleep a perpetual ſleep. Her gates are burſt,
" Her river fails, and all her ſprings are dry.
" The monarch hears the ſhouting of the foe,
" His hands are feeble, and his heart is faint.
" One poſt returns, another is diſpatch'd,
" And ev'ry meſſenger confirms the news,
" His heroes are deſtroy'd, his city loſt.
" Terror has freez'd the channels of his blood,
" His loins are looſen'd, and his trembling knees
" Smite one another. With a coward's frown
" He looks upon the wall, demands his ſword,
" Curſes the prophet, and exhorts his friends,
" His arm ſcarce able to ſuſtain his ſhield,

" His falt'ring tongue too feeble to command.
" Ah! cruel tyrant, Hell beneath is mov'd,
" And opes her jaws immeafurably wide
" All hunger to receive thee. Kings departed
" Lift up their heads, and welcome thy approach.
" And art thou weak as we? Where is thy pomp,
" And the fweet mufic of thy gorgeous court?
" Is this the man who made the Earth afraid,
" Shook thrones, and ruin'd kingdoms with his frown?
" Is it all come to this? A little grave,
" Worms and a winding-fheet? How art thou fall'n!
" How is the hammer of the earth deftroy'd!
" O proud as Lucifer, the morning's fon,
" 'Twas in thy heart to fit above the clouds,
" To place thy throne among the ftars of God,
" And reign, like him who reigns alone, moft high,
" But thou haft fallen from the heights of Heav'n,
" And art gone down into the depths of Hell."

" Remnant

" Remnant of Jacob, caſt away the yoke,
" Return again and feed thy flocks in peace
" On Carmel and on Baſhan. Plant the vine
" On Ephraim and Gilead and be glad.
" Would thou hadſt heard me when my prophet ſpoke,
" Thy neck was iron, and thy brow was braſs.
" I ſmote thee in my anger. Thou art left
" Few as the gather'd vine or ſhaken olive,
" Two or three berries on thy topmoſt bough,
" On all thy fruitful branches four or five.
" Return again, and let me cloſe thy wounds
" And give thee health. Thy city ſhall be built.
" Again the voice of mirth ſhall fill thy ſtreets,
" The bridegroom and the bride ſhall dance and ſing,
" The young, and the grey-headed ſhall rejoice,
" Thy garners ſhall be fill'd with corn and wine,
" None ſhall be found complaining in thy ſtreets,
" No eye ſhall ſorrow, and no tongue lament.

WHILE

WHILE thus the Angel ſpoke, the active Prince
Came with his friends upon a flying ſteed
Under the tow'rs. There was a tow'r half-built,
And thither had Panthea, unobſerv'd,
Ventur'd to follow her attentive ſlave
In mean diſguiſe. He mounted the high tow'r,
And to the Queen below gave true report
Of all that paſt. He told her when the Prince
Led to the right, when Artagerſas' force
Began the furious battle to the left,
When Abradates thunder'd in the front.
Pale terror ſat upon her roſeleſs cheek,
Anguiſh poſſeſs'd her, all her ſtrength was gone,
Her heart beat thick, no crimſon on her lip,

No

No cryſtal in her eye. Yet ſtill ſhe ſtood,
Scarce able to ſupport the weight of dread
And diſmal apprehenſion——ſtood and heard
With eager ear the watchful ſlave's report.
And ſtill as courage came, and her weak tongue
Found utterance, ſhe bade him fix his eye
On Abradates. "Is the King alive?
"What does he? Look for Abradates, look."
'I ſee him,' cried the ſlave, 'he mows their ranks,
'His ſmoking chariot-wheels are red with blood.'
"Great man, the Gods protect him. Look again."
'I ſee him not,' replied the faithful ſlave,
''Tis uproar and confuſion far and near.
"Obſerve again," ſhe cried, "look ſteadily."
"Is there no helmet brighter than the reſt?
"No purple robe, no creſt of hyacinth?"
'None,' ſaid the ſlave, 'I cannot mark the King
'In any quarter of the bloody field.'
An arrow of deſpair went thro' her heart,
She almoſt ſunk. At length ſweet hope return'd,

She

She rais'd her eyes to Heav'n in ſilent pray'r,
Bade him ſtill watch, and look'd to Heav'n again.
But never more was Abradates ſeen
In all the toilſome conflict of that day.
Oft as ſhe bade him, and ſhe bade him oft,
The ſlave look'd out, but ever look'd in vain.
She wept and waited, ſometimes in deſpair,
Sometimes ſtill hoping Abradates liv'd.
In bitter expectation, worſe than death,
Thus had ſhe ſtood the bloody battle thro',
When Cyrus with his friends approach'd the tow'r.
The ſlave deſcends, and with the Queen retires,
Liſt'ning to hear if aught by chance be ſaid
Of Abradates, and his waſting ſcythes.
The Prince diſmounts, and marching to the tow'r,
Aſcends to look abroad and view the field,
If any where reſiſtance yet prevail'd,
Save in the files of Egypt. Round the plain

He threw a ſoldier's eye, and ſaw it full †
Of chariots, horſemen, and unnumber'd foot,
Living and dead, purſuing and purſued.
Mercy ſubdued his heart. ' My friends,' he cried,
' The day is our's, nor need we ſpill more blood.
' Far as my eye can reach, the plain is ſpread
' With rout and ruin. They renounce their cauſe
' And leave the field to us. I ſee them now
' Upon the faint horizon ſcouring home
' To their reſpective ſtates. Let ſlaughter ceaſe,
' And theſe who yet remain obtain our mercy,
' For they have nobly fought, and I forgive
' The trampled wretch that with his cimeter
' Pierc'd my good ſteed, and threw me to the ground.
' Go, bid our army ſheath the ſword. Proclaim
' Peace and protection to the ſullen foe,
' Bid them lay down their arms and make their terms.

† Or, in the ſublime and ſimple language of Xenophon, κατεῖδε μεςὸν τὸ πεδίον ἵππων, ανθρώπων, αρμάτων· φευγόντων, διωκόντων· κρατȣ́ντων, κρατȣμένων·

'If ſtill they thirſt for war, in our own cauſe
'We will engage them, and give better hire
'Than Crœſus or Belſhazzar. If for us
'They fight as bravely as they fought to-day,
'They ſhall be rich in honors and in lands.
'My brave companions, how ſhall I requite you
'For your good ſervice of to-day? Look round,
'And trace in ev'ry feature of the field
'Your Prince's love. Theſe are your acts, my friends,
'Not mine. For ev'ry hand that has conduc'd
'To this great overthrow, deſerves as much
'As he that led you. Now methinks I mark
'Your ſev'ral routes, and ſee on ev'ry ſide
'How much was your regard for Cyrus. Oh
'My ſoul is full of wonder and delight
'To ſee the world ſo rich in valour. Who
'Shall ſay mankind are grown degenerate?
'A more heroic day was never fought.
'Little remains to do. Crœſus is fled
'To Sardes. Thither we will follow him,

‘ And when the capital is won, his wealth
‘ Divide amongſt us. Then to Babylon,
‘ To ſtir the proud Aſſyrian in his den,
‘ And make him tremble tho' immur'd in braſs.’

He ſaid, and from the tow'r with looks of joy
Came down, took ev'ry warrior by the hand,
Thank'd him and gave him joy. ‘ Are we all here?
‘ I truſt, he cried, I have not loſt a friend.
‘ Alas, I fear—Where is our new ally,
‘ The King, brave Abradates?

‘ Brave indeed,
‘ I ſaw him,’ ſaid Araſpes, ‘ when he met
‘ With furious wheels the chariots of the foe,
‘ And drove them all before him. And I ſaw,
‘ When in the midſt of the Egyptian files
‘ He ſtood and laſh'd his ſteeds, and ſeem'd reſolv'd
‘ Not to return, till with his bloody ſcythes
‘ He had cut out a way thro' all their hoſt.

‘ He

' He feem'd intent on nought, but to exhort
' His warlike followers to deeds like his.
' Nor was there one faint-hearted Sufian found.
' The Perfians only, and I never thought
' A true-born Perfian could be half fo bafe,
' Forfook him in the onfet, turn'd and whip'd
' After the flying chariots (vain excufe)
' And left the Sufians by themfelves to fight
' All Egypt. Had they follow'd as they ought,
' I verily believe no pow'r on Earth
' Could have withftood them. To their ill-judg'd
' flight
' We may attribute our fevere repulfe
' And all the wounds we feel. And would to Heav'n
' This were the only lofs their cowardice
' Had brought upon us, for I grieve to tell
' What follow'd after.'

' What?' exclaim'd the P
Warm with impatience. ried,

 ' Provided

' While the Sufian King,'
Replied the youth, ' with roaring wheels went on,
' And ftood in his career fo eminent,
' His horfes beating down the adverfe files,
' His fcythes devouring ev'ry foul that fell,
' His chariot rocking as it paft with fpeed
' Over the bodies of the flaughter'd foe,
' A violent and unexpected fhock
' Tumbled him headlong from his chariot. What
' Could clofe the fcene but death ?'

At that dread word
Loud fhriek'd Panthea, and with grief diftracted
Ran to the field. Her voice reach'd Cyrus' ear
And pierc'd his heart. ' From whence,' he cried, ' that
' fhriek ?
was the awful moment, when it came
d my foul with horror. Look about,
Arafpes, 'twas the Queen perhaps
'l peace and comfort, and make known

' How

‘ How much regard we owe to Abradates.
‘ Bid her be cheerful and confide in Heav'n,
‘ Whoſe ways we cannot always underſtand.
‘ All I can do will never half requite
‘ The ſervices the noble Suſian did us.
‘ She ſhall be free to follow her own will,
‘ And is no more a captive. My brave friends,
‘ As ſoon as Egypt has propos'd her terms,
‘ We will depart, and croſs the bloody field
‘ To ſeek the body of the ſlaughter'd King.
‘ Meantime go, Gobryas, and ſearch our ſtores,
‘ And take whatever may be meet to grace
‘ A King's interment.’

Ere the prince had done,
Chryſantas from the foe brought back report,
Egypt was ready to receive the terms
Cyrus propos'd, and would ſupport his arms
With ſtrict fidelity againſt all kings,
Save only Crœſus, ‘ 'Tis agreed,’ he cried,

'Provided they ſupport our arms with zeal
'Againſt Belſhazzar and our other foes,
'They ſhall not be requir'd to fight with Crœſus.
'Convey my anſwer, and entreat them well.
'Worthy companions, now let us ſuſpend
'The ſmile of victory, and mourn our loſs
'Till we have rais'd o'er Abradates' grave
'A monument eternal as the world.
'Let us pour out our thanks about his corpſe,
'And with one voice applaud his noble deeds.
'And though the ſtill and ſecret lapſe of time
'Conſume his body and deface his tomb,
'Yet in our love ſhall Abradates live,
'In his own worth immortal. Should his queen
'Chooſe to remain with us, let her ſtill live
'In honor as a queen. Let her receive
'Attendants, plenty, and a ſplendid tent,
'With perfect liberty to go or ſtay
'As her own will inclines. The ſun is ſet,
'We muſt away, and when the body's found

'And we have laid it foftly in the earth,
'Then we'll return, and our exhaufted ftrength
'Recruit with food and reft.'

He faid no more,
But filently advancing, crofs'd the field
Thro' thoufands flain, warrior on warrior roll'd,
Still in the attitudes of brave affault
And refolute defiance. Many a face
He yet remembered, tho' befmear'd with blood,
Twifted with agony, and pale with death;
And ftill as he remember'd drew a figh,
And thank'd it kindly. Ere he reach'd the fpot
Where Egypt ftood, and Abradates fell,
Arafpes met him, from the queen return'd.
'Arafpes, here?' he cried. 'How does the queen?
'Is fhe not found?'

'Alas,' replied the youth,
'Mine eye was never witnefs to a fcene

' So truly piteous, so deserving grief.
' We found her sitting by the hero's corpse,
' Bedewing with her tears his bloodless cheek.
' Silent she was, and quiet as the dead,
' Nor had we known it was a living soul
' That sat so statue-like with melting eyes,
' Had not a sigh as we stood looking on
' Escap'd her bosom. Gobryas advanc'd,
' And, with a voice that faltered as he spoke,
' Bade her look up, be comforted, and rise.
' But scarce had kind persuasion found a tongue,
' When grief subdued him, and the hero wept.
' 'Twas noble to behold the good old man
' So gen'rously partake another's pain;
' And much I envied him a soul so great.
' After a while he seem'd again compos'd,
' And, kneeling by the corpse, once more began
' The arduous task of pious consolation.
' He stretch'd his arm, and took the bloody hand
' Of the departed Monarch as he spoke.

'Twas ſever'd from the arm. The diſmal ſight
' Open'd afreſh the ſluices of his grief.
' Then too Panthea wept, and beat her breaſt,
' And cried aloud. " O cruel, cruel fate,
" And all occaſion'd by thy queen, who lives.
" 'Twas I who cloth'd him in this royal ſuit,
" 'Twas I advis'd him to advent'rous deeds,
" Yes, yes, 'twas I who with a murd'rer's tongue
" Bade him be eminent." Then on the corpſe
' Weeping ſhe fell, and kiſs'd its ſickly lips,
' Nor would be rais'd again to look upon us.
' I left, I know not why, a ſcene ſo ſad.
' I would indeed have ſpoken the kind words
' Cyrus commanded, but my feeble tongue
' Seem'd to forget its office, and the pow'r
' Of perfect utterance was taken from me.'

' Alas!' ſaid Cyrus, ' bitter is the cup
' That favors of affliction and diſtreſs;
' And yet the virtuous ſoul is oft oblig'd

To

'To put the naufeous bev'rage to his lip;
'While many a mean and vicious wretch fits by,
'And in the funfhine of unceafing joy
'Dreams out his idle days without a grief.
'Yet think not Virtue injur'd and forgot,
'If all her portion here be but to grieve
'And fpend her day in tears. There is a time
'When fhe fhall wipe her widow dew away,
'And laugh and fing, and banifh grief for ever
'Come, lead us to the fpot.'

The youth advanc'd,
But Gobryas approach'd with brimful eyes,
And eager hafte, which feem'd to intimate
Something amifs. He faw the prince at hand,
Stopt fhort, and would have told him what was done,
But found no voice to fpeak.

'How does the queen?'
Queftion'd the prince in hafte. 'What means thy
'fpeed?

'Why

'Why are thy cheeks ſo pale, thy eyes ſo full?
'Ugly diſtraction ſits upon thy brow
'And thy lips tremble. Quick, unfold the cauſe.'

'I would,' he cried, 'my lips were ſeal'd for ever,
'For they have ſaid misfortune was the lot
'Of Gobryas alone. Yet there are ſome
'Who know not joy, and yet deſerve not grief,
'Who from the cradle to the ſilent grave
'Live in the midſt of a perpetual wreck
'Of their own happineſs. Shall I relate
'The tragic tale that hangs upon my tongue?
'The queen by this time is no more. E'en now,
'Her reaſon gone, and frantic with deſpair,
'*She drew a ſecret dagger from her ſide,
'And ſheath'd it in her boſom.'

'Mighty

* If any fair reader has had the patience to wade thus far through the labors of a ſcribbling poet, let her not imagine that the character of Panthea, though hitherto amiable and excellent, is here worthy of her imitation. It is the duty of a Chriſtian to look upon ſelf-deſtruction with the utmoſt horror and averſion. For

'Mighty gods!'
Exclaim'd the prince, 'why tarried we ſo long?
'Let us away, and if life yet remains
'Do all we can to comfort and relieve her.'

So haſtily they went, and now have reach'd
The fatal ſpot where Abradates fought
And Egypt fell before him; hideous ſight!
Long lanes of death, and paſſages of blood
Leading to chariots hack'd, and overturn'd.
There many a valiant Suſian was beheld,

For we know that *unto whomſoever much is given, of him ſhall be much required*, and are aſſured, that *the ſervant which knew his Lord's will, but did not according to his will, ſhall be beaten with many ſtripes*. But, at the ſame time, let it not be thought that Panthea is in her death unworthy of pity, becauſe ſhe is unworthy of imitation. Let my fair reader remember that ſhe was no Chriſtian that ſhe knew not the virtue of patient ſubmiſſion to calamities, however great, and had no proſpect of redreſs in a life to come. She, therefore, could not be unpardonably culpable in the ſight of God or man. He *who knows not*, whatever heinous actions he may fall into for want of the Chriſtian's knowledge, will not be puniſhed like the more enlightened delinquent, but will without doubt be diſmiſſed, even from the tribunal of infinite Juſtice, with much mercy and *few ſtripes*.

Cover'd

Cover'd with wounds, pierc'd thro' and thro' with
ſpears,
His reins ſtill graſping tho' his ſteeds were fled,
Or in their harneſs ſlaughter'd. Laſt of all,
It's wheels half buried in the crowds they flew,
Was ſeen the chariot of the Suſian king,
Ruin immenſe behind it, and before,
And round about. There the great hero lies,
Cloſe at his ſide his ever-faithful queen,
Her head upon his breaſt, her recent wound
Still guſhing, her cærulean eye half-clos'd.
Death was at hand. Life, like the feeble flame
Expiring on an ember's ſmoky point,
Mounted, return'd, flew off, and ſtill remain'd.

'She lives,' ſaid Cyrus. At the prince's voice
She rais'd her drooping eyelids, knew her friend,
And, with a look which gratitude convey'd,
Not to be utter'd in a world of words,

Thank'd

Thank'd him for all his goodnefs. A deep figh
Went from her heart. She died.

'There fled her foul,
'And with that deep-fetch'd figh,' exclaim'd the prince,
'Panthea's forrows ended. Would to Heav'n
'We could have fhelter'd from the ftroke of death
'So brave a foldier, and fo true a wife.
'Would one at leaft had liv'd. For who can fee
'A pair fo exemplary fall at once,
'Seeking one grave, united e'en in death,
'And not bewail the lofs? My worthy friends,
'This forrow well becomes us. And for thefe
'O'er whom we weep, what fairer proof can rife
'That Virtue led them thro' the vale of life,
'Than this remembrance, that their latter end
'Mov'd e'en a foldier's tears?'

As

' As long as Heav'n,'
Rejoin'd Arafpes, ' and the world endures,
' So long fhall it be told that Cyrus wept
' O'er Abradates' and Panthea's grave;
' And this deed only fhall extend his fame
' Farther than all his conquefts. Godlike prince!
' We had not known how well to be humane
' Becomes a foldier, but for this fad lofs.
' So well indeed, and fuch its manly grace,
' That ev'ry foldier here muft long to fill
' The mourner's office. For myfelf, I own
' It well becomes me to confefs my grief;
' I lov'd Panthea, and I love her ftill.
' I lov'd and wrong'd her, for I thought to win
' By fubtle courtefy that faithful heart
' Which none but Abradates could deferve.
' But fhe was firm in the defence of Virtue,
' Tho' in her ways fo gentle, that the wind
' Blew not upon her, and put by her veil,
' But Beauty's crimfon blufh fuffus'd her cheek,

' And ſhe was loſt in elegant diſtreſs.
' Many an hour have I enjoy'd her words,
' Which fell in pious numbers from her lips,
' Sweet as an oracle. Such charming ſounds
' Might well attract the ready ear of youth,
' For they had won attention from the old,
' And pleas'd the hard ſenſation of fourſcore
' With profitable wiſdom. Never again
' Shall the ſweet muſic of that tongue be heard.
' No more ſhall Beauty's tranſitory roſe
' Still fade, ſtill flouriſh on her lovely cheek,
' Where I have ſeen it, often as ſhe ſpoke,
' Live ev'ry moment, ev'ry moment die.
' No more ſhall her expreſſive azure eyes,
' Meekly attentive, raiſe their drooping lids,
' And pour upon the ſight of him who loves
' The modeſt ſplendor of departing day.'——

He ſaid no more, for ſorrow chain'd his tongue,
And the laſt mournful office was begun.

Deep in the earth the valiant king is laid,
His lovely queen repoſes at his ſide.
All tongues are ſtill. The rays of day are gone,
And glimm'ring torches ſhed a ſickly light,
While o'er the monarch, and his hapleſs queen
They ſcatter odors, and a royal robe
Spread lightly. At the hero's ſide are plac'd
In ſilent pomp his helmet, ſhield, and ſword.
Short pauſe enſues, 'till Cyrus waves his hand.
Then 'gan the burial, and light ſhow'rs of earth
Were ſcatter'd o'er them, till the grave was fill'd.
Full of compaſſion to his tent departs
The godlike prince, and night envelopes all.

THE

ORPHAN TWINS.

A

TALE.

THE

ORPHAN TWINS.

'TWAS on a lofty mountain's ſide
Half up the verdant ſteep,
A gen'rous Vicar wedded, died,
And left his ſpouſe to weep.

And ſtill ſhe weeps from hour of reſt,
'Till dawn of day begins,
Two little daughters at her breaſt,
Her only infant twins.

All day o'er theſe ſhe hangs her head,
Too young her grief to know,
And while her eyes ſweet ſorrow ſhed
They ſmile to ſee it flow.

O happieſt of all ſouls that live,
  Whoſe brow no ſorrow wears,
Would ye might never learn to grieve,
  Nor know the cauſe of tears.

But ere five haſty ſprings were paſt,
  And five ſhort autumns gone,
The hapleſs mother breath'd her laſt,
  And left her twins alone.

They ſaw the hearſe—they ſaw, but ah!
  They knew not Death was come,
And oft they aſk'd for dear Mamma,
  Oft wiſh'd her ſtill at home.

Oft they purſued her thro' the ſhade,
  And oft the ſhrubs among
Wept, and entreated why ſhe ſtaid,
  And where ſhe hid ſo long.

Ceaſe,

Ceafe, lovely twins, ye grieve in vain,
  Forbear, and be not fad,
Mamma fhall ne'er return again,
  Shun forrow and be glad.

Nor did they long her lofs deplore,
  For grief was not their foe,
They foon remember'd her no more,
  And mirth took place of woe.

To youth and years of love they grew
  Under a Grandam's eye,
None ever liv'd that lov'd more true,
  None fhall more faithful die.

One birth they had, and took one part
  For better and for worfe;
One foul they were, one only heart,
  One fortune and one purfe.

Complain'd

Complain'd the one, the other pin'd;
Smil'd one, they both were gay.
Scarce ever half an hour disjoin'd,
Together night and day.

Arm within arm they trip'd the mead;
And clomb the weary ſteep,
Arm within arm came home to read,
And arm in arm to ſleep.

Would they had ever thus been ſeen
United heart and hand,
But mighty Love ſtept in between,
And ſever'd friendſhip's band.

A wealthy youth with ſecret ſmile
Has won poor Charlotte's heart,
She begs to be excus'd awhile
However hard to part.

With

With tears her fifter's fide fhe leaves,
  Her fteed attends the door,
Lonely Amelia fighs and grieves,
  And pleafure knows no more.

Silent fhe fits the livelong day,
  Nor feeks the hill or grove,
But weeps her difmal hours away,
  Without a friend to love.

No more fhe trips the flow'ry field,
  No more the woody vale,
Her books no more amufement yield,
  For fadnefs will prevail.

Mean-time her fifter fondly tries
  In Edward's eye to fhine,
And thinks not how Amelia fighs,
  In forrow left to pine.

Edward with placid brow looks on,
  Approves her wiſh to pleaſe,
And ſoon, by ſweet attraction won,
  Reſigns his heart with eaſe.

Then all the breathing terms of love
  In warm profuſion fell,
He ſwore by all the pow'rs above
  To wed, and uſe her well.

She, freed at length from doubt and fear,
  Once more regards her home,
And thinks of poor Amelia there,
  By ſilent grief o'ercome.

She thinks, and longs again to meet
  The partner of her youth,
Who ſmil'd ſo gay, and ſung ſo ſweet,
  And lov'd with ſo much truth.

Fly

" Fly to Amelia, Edward, fly,
" Her face I long to fee,
" Tell her for her I almoft die,
" And bid her hafte to me."

She fpake, and at her fweet command
The youth like lightning flew,
And now he clafps Amelia's hand,
And fhe bids grief adieu.

O lucklefs hour! how did joy's flood
Amelia's charms improve!
What mortal could have then withftood?
The youth was born to love.

A trickling tear ftole down his cheek,
He kifs'd the hopelefs maid,
He ftrove, but found no tongue to fpeak,
And love his tale forbade.

" Where

" Where is my Charlotte, where?" ſhe cried,
" Tell, tell me, or I die."
" I know not," the falſe youth replied,
And hardly bluſh'd to lie.

" Think not of Charlotte," he began,
" Improper mate for thee,
" Woman was born to think of man,
" Amelia, think of me."

Day after day he urg'd his flame,
And faith regarded not,
Nor mention made of Charlotte's name,
Deſerted and forgot.

His artful tongue the maid beguiles,
His ſuit he preſſes ſtill,
She ſeeks advice—the grandam ſmiles,
And anſwers, ' As you will.'

She

She gives confent; " but firft," fhe cries,
" Let lovely Charlotte come,
" Reftore her to thefe longing eyes,
" Go, Edward, bring her home,

" She was my only hope and care,
" My bofom's darling friend,
" The bridal name I will not fhare
" Till fhe with joy attend."

" O tarry not," rejoins the youth,
" Delay makes love depart,
" Delay abates the lover's truth,
" And cools the warmeft heart.

" Be wedded firft, and with a kifs
" Thy Edward fhall away,
" And bring her home to fhare thy blifs,
" And hail thy wedding day."

" O no,"

" O no," ſhe ſaid—but grandam frown'd,
And bade her yield aſide.
Young Edward's hope ſucceſs has crown'd,
And faſt the knot is tied.

" Now hence," ſhe cries, " make haſte away,
" And lovely Charlotte bring,
" To bleſs Amelia's wedding-day,
" And with her dance and ſing."

His horſe was hurt—'twould ſurely rain—
The cruel youth replied,
And piteouſly began complain
So ſoon to leave his bride.

But ſhe no falſe excuſe would hear,
She bade him keep his word,
" Take chaiſe," ſhe cried, " nor tempeſt fear,
" My purſe the coſt afford."

The chaiſe is ſummon'd to the door,
  The treach'rous youth is gone.
" Make haſte," ſhe cries, " nor ſee me more
  " Till Charlotte make us one."

Perplex'd with doubt, and ſtung with ſhame,
  He curſes his falſe art,
Nor knows what new excuſe to frame
  To heal poor Charlotte's heart.

Yet not in vain Invention ſought
  Some ſtratagem to pleaſe,
His boſom broods an artful thought
  To give Amelia eaſe.

He bids the driver change his road,
  And ſcour the country round,
Then ſeek again the bride's abode,
  And leave him where he found.

Faſt fly the wheels. But far and near
  Report has wing'd its way,
'Tis told in Charlotte's eager ear
  That Edward weds to-day.

'Tis told, " Amelia ſtole his heart,
  " An hour may make them one,
" Away, away, with ſpeed depart,
  " And claim him ere 'tis done."

With ſpeed ſhe comes, but ah! too late;
  The fatal hour is paſt.
Amelia ſpied her at the gate,
  And flew to hold her faſt.

" Welcome, dear ſtranger, kind and true,
  " You all my thoughts employ,"
She ſaid, her arms about her threw,
  And wept abundant joy.

And ſo their faithful hearts were tied,
In both affection glow'd;
Though injur'd Charlotte came to chide,
Her eye with tranſport flow'd.

Awhile her ſoul no trouble knew,
And anger harbour'd none,
Till arm in arm they both withdrew,
To tell their griefs alone.

Then Charlotte's words ſoon found a way
To give ſuſpicion birth,
" And why," ſhe cries, " this ſuit ſo gay?"
" And why theſe ſounds of mirth?

" Why ring theſe changes in my ear?
" What mean theſe looks of glee?
" Ah me! Amelia weds, I fear,
" And has not thought of me."

" Yes," ſaid Amelia, " ſtill moſt true,
" On thee my heart has dwelt,
" And all the pains that love e'er knew,
" In thy long abſence felt.

" I've long'd to meet thee night and day,
" Unhappy left alone;
" But Edward would not come away
" Till wedlock made us one."

" And are ye wedded?" Charlotte ſaid,
But could no farther ſpeak,
Her looks confeſs'd the injur'd maid,
The roſes left her cheek.

She roſe in anguiſh to depart,
And feebly ſhut the door;
For ſorrow ſwell'd her breaking heart
That ſoon ſhall beat no more.

Young Edward met her as he came,
And paſs'd aſtoniſh'd by,
Unuſual terror ſhook his frame
When Charlotte caught his eye.

She ſaw him at her look afraid,
She turn'd her eyes aſide,
And nothing to upbraid him ſaid,
But went away and died.

Amelia in amazement ſat,
Suſpicion ſoon began,
She ſeiz'd her gloves, her cloak, and hat,
And after Charlotte ran.

" And ſtay," ſhe cried, " dear Charlotte ſtay,"
But Charlotte could not hear,
Faſt ſhe purſued, but miſs'd the way
Nor found her far or near.

She ſought her long, ſhe wept, and call'd,
Her cheek with ardor burn'd,
Young Edward met her guilt-appal'd,
From Charlotte juſt return'd.

"Where is my Charlotte," cried the maid,
"Why is not Charlotte come?"
"Be patient," falt'ring Edward ſaid,
"She's abſent far from home.

"I long'd to ſee the fair one here,
"To grace our wedding feaſt,
"But ſhe is gone the Lord knows where
"A hundred miles at leaſt."

"Falſe youth," ſhe cried, "O double tongue,
"That dares again deceive,
"Come in, and hide not Charlotte's wrong,
"To make Amelia grieve.

"Sit

" Sit down, and ſwear by Heav'n above
  " Not to deceive me now.
" Didſt thou not win my Charlotte's love,
  " And ſoon to wed her vow?"

" I ſwear," the trembling youth replied,
  But could not anſwer no,
For conſcience ſmote him. " Hence," ſhe cri d,
  " Go, falſe diſſembler, go,

" Away, and to my Charlotte fly."
  She open'd wide the door,
" Let Charlotte's mouth the wrong deny,
  " Or never ſee me more."

Sullen and pale the roof he left,
  And full of ſhame is gone.
The wretched bride, of peace bereft,
  Sits down to feed alone.

But all the board untafted ftood,
All fhew of tranfport ceas'd;
Affliction was her only food,
And anguifh all her feaft.

Three days elapfe, and none can tell,
Why injur'd Charlotte ftays,
Till now the folemn tolling bell
The fecret half betrays.

Amelia heard, her heart mifgave,
Her tears forgot to flow,
She rofe to afk for whom the grave,
And who was gone from woe.

The path which to the fteeple led,
Difguis'd and all forlorn,
She fought, and faw the happy dead
To church before her borne.

In

In hopes ſome aged dame to meet
 Some cottage-friend to find,
With ſlow and undetermin'd feet
 She loiter'd far behind.

One aged dame ſhe met alone,
 A dame of feeble ſight,
And humbly queſtion'd her, unknown,
 For whom the grave to-night.

" For one of better hopes than thee,
 " A maid of truth," ſhe cried,
" Who breath'd her laſt beneath yon tree,
 " And for her true-love died."

" What was her name?" " Poor hapleſs child,"
 The dame again begins,
" The beſt of two, both good and mild,
 " The Vicar's Orphan Twins."

"Ah! was it Charlotte?" "Yes," ſhe ſaid.
Amelia aſk'd no more,
But forward went with downcaſt head,
And wept for anguiſh ſore.

Under the footſteps of a ſtile,
That to the church-door led,
She ſat to ſigh and weep a while,
And lean'd her weary head.

At length the ſurplic'd prieſt appears,
The corpſe has left the aiſle,
Young Edward follows bath'd in tears,
His falſe love to bewail.

How was thy eye, Amelia, griev'd,
When now it ſaw the truth,
How didſt thou pity her deceiv'd,
And how accuſe the youth!

How did thy heart within thee mourn,
To hear, devout and ſlow,
A voice pronounce that "man is born
"To live and die in woe.

"He cometh up for little time,
"A ſhort-liv'd ſummer flower,
"Cut down and wither'd in his prime,
"The glory of an hour."

Slow ſhe approach'd the ſilent crowd,
Bade grief a while retreat,
Endeavour'd not to weep aloud,
And ſtood at Charlotte's feet.

And now the corpſe is ready made,
The ſexton ſteps between,
Poor Charlotte muſt in earth be laid,
And never more be ſeen.

She ftrove, but could not longer hide
The potent flood of grief.
Young Edward faw, and knew his bride,
And flew to give relief.

Kindly fhe prefs'd his offer'd hand
And all his wrongs forgave,
But could not longer grief withftand,
She funk at Charlotte's grave.

Her heart was burft, her cheek was pale;
He much to fave her tried,
But nought could all his art avail,
She clos'd her eyes, and died.

So ceas'd the burial, day was gone.
The grave is wider made.
To-morrow both are brought as one,
And in the cold earth laid.

And now th[illegible] begins to rave,
His reaſon ſcarce remains,
The hour that clos'd their only grave,
Devoted him to chains.

THIS tale a tender mother told her child,
As both together on a ſummer's eve
Sat in the ſhade at work. "And thus," ſhe cried,
"Man has abundant troubles, ſome deſerv'd,
"Some little merited. But full of pain,
"As life in all its ſeaſons may appear,
"'Tis to ourſelves, my child, we chiefly owe
"The multitude of poignant griefs we feel.
"As in my tale, afflictions oft proceed

" From falſehood and d[illegible],
" From haſte and want of prudence in ourſelves.
" Be Lucy wiſe, and from another's pain
" Learn her own duty to engage with care.
" Regard the voice of caution, and be happy."

FINIS.

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